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Thursday, April 6, 1967.

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Letters to the Editor *continued*

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sir,—As chairman of the Manuscripts Permissions Committee at The University of Texas at Austin, I have followed with unusual interest the recent correspondence (under the above headings) on the subject of permissions in your columns. Our committee, which has been in existence only since January, 1963, began its task without experience and established policy. I should be the first to admit that mistakes have been made, but I assure you that it is easier to be critical than all-wise.

Gradually a set of policies has evolved out of painful experience. I will not trouble you with a statement of them other than to say that competent local scholars may be granted a priority of eighteen months in the use of materials and that as between dubious local applicants and established national or international scholars making identical or similar requests, we favour the latter.

In its four-year history the committee has considered 845 requests; of those approved 23 per cent were intramural and 65 per cent were from outside the State; 10 per cent have been disapproved. Usually the reasons for disapproval are the apparent lack of qualifications of the applicant or preemption of the materials by someone else engaged in a conflicting project. Occasionally the applications strike us as unreasonable, though there may be difference of opinion as to what is reasonable; e.g., the request for microfilm of a complete collection, sometimes for vague purpose; the request for microfilm of a collection to be placed on permanent loan in another library; the demand—not request—of the vendor of a collection that we restrict its use to a person designated by him; a rather peremptory request by the legal representative of the copyright holder (the original vendor) that we microfilm a collection at *our* expense and place it on loan at a library in London for the exclusive use of a person designated; &c.

In the beginning we did not know enough to require an application form on which the applicant identified himself and stated his purpose. I am embarrassed to recall one instance when a rather laconic (but quite polite) letter written on the letter-paper of—say—St. Christopher's College, Oxbridge, did not meet with the instant recognition of the writer which he obviously expected. On the whole, however, I think most of our errors have been those of granting permission to students or scholars whose qualifications are at best dubious.

C. L. CLINE.
Department of English, The Universities of Texas, Austin, Texas.

THE BUNTERIAD

Sir,—The inverted snobbery displayed by your reviewer (March 16) in attacking my novel *Play the Ball* is his or her own business.

But accuracy is another matter. Throughout I emphasize that I am writing of a middle-class school, yet your reviewer calls it upper-class: there is a difference. And to call a leading character Bunter-ish, when in fact he is as un-Bunterish—indeed, as anti-Bunter-ish—as could be, is as perverse as it is misleading. While to prejudge the next two of my trilogy, as your reviewer does, is plainly unethical by any terms of reference.

Goodness knows, standards of novel reviewing are not high these days, but one expected fairer comment from the *TLS*.

PETER FORSTER.
La Garde-Freinet, Var, France.

Our reviewer writes:—Class distinction is not yet an exact science; what is "middle" to one is "upper" to another. Mr. Forster's "Waddler" resembles Bunter in being an unsportsmanlike outsider caught up in the anti-Bunter public-school system. Certainly Mr. Forster aims higher than Bunter's original inventor: doubtless he hoped to create a Beetle or a Chalmers—the shrewd Bunters of Kipling and Isherwood—but "Waddler" does not seem quite clever or interesting enough. However that may be, Mr. Forster has told us nothing new about higher-income-bracket boarding-schools in his pleasant novel. No "attack" was intended; and the forthcoming sequels were not "prejudged".

PEACH PIE AND CUSTARD

Sir,—It is curious to be faced, all of a sudden, with an exhumated judgment of one's early days. *The Method Could Not Be Found*. I had forgotten the heading for a review of Wallace Stevens's *Ideas of Order* written thirty-one years ago; and now have had to observe Yvor Winters's review of *Ideas of Order* and Wallace Stevens (March 30) putting himself on that time on corrective exhibition. So I looked up the review, which I am assured is "notorious" and I wondered if I was not right.

Certain charges against the verse of Wallace Stevens were made in a very few sentences, and having gone back since 1936, at intervals, when the cry of greatness, greatness has resounded tumultually in the academic echo-chamber) to its Wallace Stevens again, I would still think this poet of unvarying taste a "single artificer of his own world of mannerism", who substituted coldly for the heart's sunshine "an uneasy subjective twinkle of sequins", "describing thirteen ways of seeing a blackbird, forgetting the bird."

"Wise after the event", says your reviewer. After what event? A consensus in the English departments of universities that Wallace's non-poetry on ice, charming in so many ways except the one which would remove the negative, is to be adulated? "How pathetic is the sparse evidence . . . of English interest in his work." This is the tone, I think, of the superior bully what if the unimpressed English were right, including the one who could not feel a heart in the stuffing of the goldfinch, charming bird, mounted no doubt on a dry thistle, in a cultural, instead of a natural history tableau, in a facsimile museum? Great master of language? Yes, but in poems? He observes, he observes, says your reviewer, once slipping in the dubious compliment "Ruskinian"—and I suppose he describes his changes, the blackbird, with "Applying to Stevens his poetry has to do with . . . must . . . individual . . . reiterate that with him . . . able longer, the instinctive own, not reality's . . . frigid consequences.

If I accuse critics of excessively germless, nerveless unsophistication, it is not to have a dishonourable poet. It is because praise for the verse of Wallace is among the conditions of courage so much rare charm of his virtues, barring ment of his vices. What might is less extension of self to Pegbegging-bowl to some Arctic less pragmatic analysis of a of a staircase exhibit as everything, pigment, metal, etc., which constitutes a . . . tured and a little more Gertrude minus the metaphysics; it's pect for Whitman, and Coleridge and creation. Or one's hard about Wallace Stevens's trans-muted realities represent, say, by Alexander Pope or art, by the exquisite sobriety of a Ben Nicholson.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.
Broad Town, Wiltshire.

Our reviewer writes:—By the event "is an incomplete phrase I was consciously using the proof—"hindsight" has been better in the context I meant to imply was, of *Ideas of Order* as a prelude to proportion of Stevens's as a mere addendum to it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Sir,—I was very glad to learn from the letter of Professor Bowers that the editor of the 1609 quarto altered its title-page before it was published, so that he can hardly have been driven to the change by scolding or threats. It looks more as if he had made conscientious enquiry, and had found that the Company, since it had never performed the play, was deemed to have lost its right to forbid publication. Unless we suppose this, he seems to be in a muddle (rather than unscrupulous).

And one cannot just cite the *Stationers Register* as proof that the Company acted the play several times. The entry for 7 Feb., 1603, says:

Mr. Roberts. Entered for his copy in full Court holden this day to print when he hath gotten sufficient authority for it, The book of "*Troilus and Cressida*" *as it is acted by My Lord Chamberlain's Men.*

The italics in the printed copy are perhaps unlikely to correspond to anything underwritten, but anyway the *Register* was not a history of the theatre, and the last words merely give the gist of what was proposed for the title-page. This is usually called a "blocking entry" used by the Company to forbid publication; but then, why shouldn't they give Roberts sufficient authority for the meeting? May he not have been waiting till the Company did act the play, so that the proposed title-page could be correct? If they never did, this entry would presumably become null and void. Here again, the conjecture makes the legal behaviour of all concerned seem less confused; though I realize of course that it may be refutable in some other way.

WILLIAM EMPSON.
1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, London.

Sir,—Professor Coghill's first "known fact" is neither known nor, necessarily, a fact, in the sense in which he evidently expects your readers to understand it. The equivocation is "original version". Most scholars would agree that the two lines preceding the epilogue were originally written for the end of V, iii, and that the decision to give Pandarus an epilogue was an afterthought. No responsible Shakespeare scholar would claim to "know" that the "original version", without epilogue, ever reached the stage. The inference can perfectly well have belonged to the original process of composition, with Shakespeare's first thoughts left undeleted in the manuscript which lies behind the Folio text of V, iii.

I. C. MAXWELL.
Balliol College, Oxford.

Sir,—I have read Professor Nevill Coghill's letter (March 30) with care and must now conclude from his lack of reference to my letter (March 9) that limitation is no longer the sincerest form of flattery, but rather silence. May I now seal the stopper with the following?

(i) Play quartos were more likely produced for sale to the audience, whether inside or outside the theatre, than for any other market.

(ii) The *Stationers Register* entry of 1603 was probably for a quarto which has failed "Lost" quartos are not in *Stage*; IV; 398-404 lists seventy-seven lost plays *Stationers Register* shows that until 1610 there are signs gross delay between the and the first known publication

(iii) The quarto of mainly ordered for sale by the *Kings Maiesties seruis* probably not, the Globe quarto is a straightforward the low quarto, a first original title-page (save for the illusion below the ornament) have produced a ridiculous for the new company, the a rival. Therefore being given to change the play cause the play was probably in current production, a was added: *A never vnpleasing reader. Newes.*

(iv) *A never writer* does it is this solitary play that *the grand possessors* with speaks of *his Comedies* or *Since by the grand pauer believe you should* have *rather then* have *a* play, all the plays, originally *Players* companies.

(v) The final half-sheet Yale Elizabethan Club quotation that there was ever only the change having been the crude sewing that seeming in such cheap publishing the few copies sold with the cancelled title-page seen set aside for destruction certainly [illegible] offended some house employee's. Elizabethan fitness to see spendable assets up in smoke, so he abstracted and surreptitiously sold them

The theories of Messrs. Coghill and (I regret to say) Empson are thus seen to be the scholars' bane—theories based upon too little and Next time, perhaps, more

IVOR A. ROBERTS.
Oak Lees, Whitewood Lane, Godstone, Surrey.

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Sir,—Should not everyone how much material for [illegible] have been non-existent in only one copy in one library 1939 and 1945?

MURIEL [illegible]
121, Queen Street, Redruth, Cornwall.

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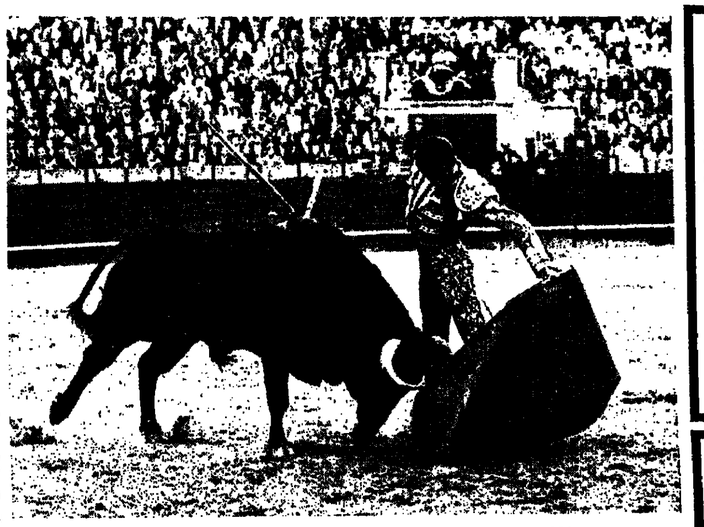
Sir,—Friends of Miss [illegible] well known to Yeats Oxford don, Cambridge and [illegible] sorry that the author of [illegible] notice (March 30) of [illegible] Dolman Press Yeats [illegible] made her a Mr.

Department of English, [illegible] Leicester.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
No. 3,398 66th Year THURSDAY APRIL 13 1967 PRICE 9D

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El Viti at Seville, 1965. An article about bull-fighting appears on page 304.

THE CASTLE WALLS

CRITICAL WORKS ABOUT Kafka perform a curious service. They try to make recognizable again the reality, either in particular or in general terms, which his fiction so strangely distorts. Johannes Urzidil in *Da geht Kafka* gives us glimpses of the fascinating cultural milieu of Prague, which he shared with Kafka. Yet he is hard pressed to discover much trace of it in Kafka's art, even though this symbolizes for him the city's finest years. His most relevant observation relates rather to the manner than to the content of Kafka's writing, which he sees permeated by an irony characteristic of Prague's intelligentsia. This irony appears to have been a remarkable capacity for treating ideas as art, a way of regarding their aesthetic quality as the primary aspect of their truth. Certainly, some such capacity must have been necessary for an intellectual community, and especially an individual mind, to cope with such a welter of spiritual influences and enthusiasms as Herr Urzidil records (rather unironically, as though all were genuine and true).

* * *

The tension which existed in Kafka's mind between intense imaginative preoccupation and total disbelief and detachment, between aesthetic commitment and social isolation, emerges from Klaus Wagenbach's study *Franz Kafka in Selbstzeugnissen und Bilddokumenten*. Drawing on his far wider, and already partly published, researches he can formulate the psychological law of Kafka's biography: the conscious striving for some real contact with the world, which a yet deeper impulse refuses. We think of the "law" which makes the Castle officials so inaccessible, and of K.'s relapse into sleep when it was once accidentally transgressed. Was *this*, we wonder, the law which made Joseph K. entangle himself in a Trial that he is then guilty of resisting? But the fact remains that Kafka himself has carefully removed any such realistic reminders of the guilt he understandably felt at his impossible entanglement with Felice Bauer. When we read of the very remarkable personality of Milena Jesenská, we understand how she might appear to Kafka's mind as a positive symbol of life and love, and later of a lost opportunity: but we do not immediately understand why Kafka should have involved her (unrecognizable) counterpart, Frieda, in a weird symbolism of officialdom, which shows K. to be interested in her for the wrong reason. What the symbolism of this *situation* appears to mean is that the artist, the impersonal K., in Kafka was more interested in an abstraction than in the real person. But this scarcely makes the Castle any less inscrutable as a symbol for art, or life, or indeed any other thing than what it literally is in the story.

* * *

Professor Sokel, in *Franz Kafka—Tragik und Ironie*, suggests new ways of looking at this difficult question. Gathering up all the clearer commentary so far written on Kafka, his compendious study builds it into a new and methodical analysis that offers the fullest interpretation now available of the texts. It has the plain, sometimes repetitive style appropriate to the classroom, where Kafka is perhaps most widely read; and in accordance with accepted academic technique it concentrates primarily on questions of "structure" and "function", which are the aspects of literary work most accessible to scientifically close reading. Professor Sokel is just as much at home, however, in the complementary "science" of ideas, by which individual texts are subjected to general laws of spiritual history. (This systematic combination of *Geistesgeschichte* with empirical study of the text marks much of the best American literary scholarship.) No matter if the author expresses no explicit idea of these laws; the structure of his work and of his experience reveals their operation. Thus, Professor Sokel makes use of Nietzsche's concepts of the Dionysian and the Apollonian—metaphysical generalizations which show the mind's relationship to life to be essentially either tragic or ironical—and also of Nietzsche's later development of this polarity into a further spurious philosophy of power and an extremely subtle psychology of decadence and weakness.

* * *

It is true, as he claims, that no such direct use has previously been made of Nietzsche's ideas for the purpose of interpreting Kafka, though more broadly speaking many critics have understood Kafka's "situation" in terms that owe much to Nietzsche: Professor Wilhelm Emrich, for example, who has suggested that Kafka's perpetual negation of the mind's attempts to define experience reveals the indefinable nature of being; or Professor Erich Heller, who has shown the incommensurability of spirit and being to be the characteristic religious dilemma of the age. And it is also true that the psychological relationships represented in Kafka's work can be seen to correspond, in Professor Sokel's analysis, to the basic structure of Nietzsche's thought, with less strain on our credulity than that imposed by studies of Kafka's debt to Judaic traditions, or of his concern with capitalist bureaucracy. These elements, though present, are rightly regarded as incidental.

Professor Sokel's method has both advantages and disadvantages. He says that he wishes to analyse the way the figures, images, situations and dialogues "operate" in a Kafka novel, rather than tell us what they mean. The distinction is a difficult one to sustain, but none the less useful. For instance, Professor Sokel can recognize two opposite patterns of behaviour running through Kafka's work, self-effacement on the one hand, self-assertion on the other, culminating in the contrast between the two last stories ("Josephine" and "The Burrow"). He can classify characters according to whether they act "openly" towards life, like Karl Rossmann, Frieda, Titorelli, or whether they are locked up in their

JOHANNES URZIDIL: *Da geht Kafka.* 125pp. Munich: DTV. DM. 2.80.

KLAUS WAGENBACH: *Franz Kafka in Selbstzeugnissen und Bilddokumenten.* 154pp. Hamburg: Rowohlt. DM. 2.20.

MARGARETE BUBER-NEUMANN: *Mistress to Kafka.* The life and death of Milena. Introduction by Arthur Koestler. 235pp. Secker and Warburg. £2 5s.

WALTER H. SOKEL: *Franz Kafka—Tragik und Ironie: zur Struktur seiner Kunst.* 386pp. Munich: Langen Müller. DM. 42.

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own compulsive concerns, like Pepi, the Barnabas family, K. He can identify a reversal of emphasis within the "same" situation: in "Metamorphosis" it is the outside world which is heard to speculate on the possibility of some form of understanding with the inner self, in "The Burrow" it is the self which speculates: the "situational similarity" is pinpointed in the use of a subjunctive.

* * *

Other contrasts stand out more strikingly: on the one hand, the death sentence pronounced unambiguously by the objective power, understood and executed by the subject in "The Judgment"; on the other, the ambiguous sentence of *The Trial*, not understood by the subject and executed by objective force. Professor Sokel's method, moreover, is no less sensitive to questions of style than to questions of structure. Thus, he shows that the structural contrast between "The Judgment" and *The Trial* is further modified by the mode of narration. The earlier story makes the father-judge appear to be objectively right; the later novel makes the hero appear to be subjectively wrong. Kafka stands in a different relationship as author in each case to the vision that "a man" brings guilt upon himself. At first he accepted the objectivity of the guilt, which carried the consolation that his hero mattered to someone and the possibility of death as expiation. Later, he realized that the trial only took place if K. invoked it, that no court cared, and that death was a senseless beastliness. Of these subtleties Professor Sokel is an instructive master, and he goes farther than earlier critics in his demonstration that Kafka's style should not be generalized about as a whole, but studied for its remarkable range between extremes of ironical objectivity and expressionist intensity. These and other critical categories enable the professor to claim that a new level of realism is achieved in *The Castle*, where above all Frieda represents the first glimpse of an independent human being, while the ironical treatment of, say, the messenger Barnabas, "apostle of the void", should be understood as limited to this figure and not as a "representation of the total absurdity of all things".

Professor Sokel's book seems to indicate that a study of structure independently of meaning is peculiarly appropriate to Kafka's work. This apparently happy correspondence of means to ends is liable, however, to make us overlook just how odd such a situation is. And indeed the disadvantage of Professor Sokel's approach is that he makes such good sense of Kafka's unreal dreams that their basic distortion does get overlooked. The coherence of the Professor's structure is reassuring and it rests conceptually on Nietzsche's philosophy (the truth of which is not questioned nor its more daemonic aspects ever referred to). Thus, Kafka's heroes are seen to be situated between opposing poles of power on the one hand and what Professor Sokel calls "the pure ego" on the other. This polarization has the effect of bringing into the same category some strange bedfellows: e.g. at the opposite pole from power, Kafka's self as a writer, the Petersburg friend of Georg Bendemann, the villagers of *The Castle*. It also enables Professor Sokel to schematize the "alliance" which exists between the poles (to the detriment of the hero); for what is life but the coexistence of the Nietzschean opposites? Finally, the reliance on Nietzsche's concept appears to have prompted a Nietzschean value judgment. The hero, who is neither child nor father, neither official nor villager, neither pure artist nor man of the world, Professor Sokel regards and castigates as "the superficial self". It is the *fault* of this self that it is neither entirely at one with the will nor entirely emancipated into independent selfhood. Joseph K. is held to be at fault, "both because he trusts the court too much and because he does not trust it enough". The parable "Before the Law" is explained as the doom of a man who can neither embrace the law of life (and presumably be consumed in its terrible power) nor turn his back on it in independence. K. is supposed to realize how his own selfconscious efforts stand in the way of a spontaneous, humorous acceptance of life, towards which his childlike "helpers" have been sent to help him.

We are almost convinced, until we remember again the intolerable "life" that K. is considered to have sinned against by his self-defeating resistance. Could he really have lived as a happy family man with his child helpers in some humble village capacity? The question can scarcely be asked without imagining a novel quite different from the one we have. And if Joseph K. had simply turned his back on it all? That would mean imagining no novel at all. The rule of criticism which warns us not to speculate about a book as though it were life applies with striking absoluteness to Kafka. For he went as far perhaps as it is possible to go towards writing not about the experience of life, in any communally shared sense, but about the experience of writing, or about life conceived as essentially an inner vision of the writer. Kafka's letters and diaries make painfully clear how his sense of guilt, of isolation, of an impossible and self-destructive enterprise was connected with the special relationship of art: both the inner relationship of the artist to the man and the outer relationship of the man to the world. He had found what he called the Archimedian point of absolute vision, but he could only use it, as he said, "against himself". He could see, as it were, the nightmare of the mind's total subjectivity from the outside. He could record it with supreme lucidity, but he could not reach into it, to release *in reality* the suffering subject that was himself. For this would have meant the end of the special relationship which was his life as an artist—and his death as a man. Moreover, in which direction should the release take place? Art offered to the man no reality in which to live, and life nothing but spiritual annihilation to eyes that longed only for vision.

Professor Sokel understands perfectly the structure of this dilemma. If we ask what it "means", then he points to the texts and shows how, say, Joseph K. or Josephine want incompatible things, and how incompatibility generally "operates" in Kafka's work between the deeper will of the hero, as expressed in his actions and gestures, and his conscious rationalizations. Beyond this, Professor Sokel simply assumes that Kafka is dealing with the perennial tragedy of man's individuation in a world of flux, and that he can therefore be compared to Sophocles or Shakespeare. Again, the influence of Nietzsche is apparent in this assumption; but it points in a direction that Professor Sokel perhaps neither realizes nor intends. Leaving aside the question of how adequate Nietzsche's theory of tragedy is to explain any known play, it may be recalled that *The Birth of Tragedy* offers an explicitly aesthetic philosophy: the world is represented as having no meaning other than that provided for it by art. That this view involved Nietzsche in the destruction of all other forms of meaning is not hard to understand. That a tendency towards nihilism may readily, and perhaps most consistently, accompany a belief in pure art ought then to be the lesson that we learn from Nietzsche.

* * *

Professor Sokel seems to follow the tendency intuitively, but without making clear where it leads. For instance, he has this to say about the hero's death in "The Judgment":

> [There is] a level of meaning which could be considered psycho-analytically to be masochism, the desire for suffering, punishment, and annihilation. Morally, it could be described as a desire to atone for the crime of rebellion. Metaphysically, it is the longing to extinguish individuation and be reunited with the oneness of being. Mythologically, it is the offering up of the sacrificial animal; from a Christian standpoint, the expiation in death of the soul's original sin, the sin above all of selfseeking. Finally, from the standpoint of existentialist philosophy, this level of meaning shows the impulse towards selfdestruction felt by an existence which has never gone beyond the conventional and alienated person to realize a true self.

The reader gasps. What kind of story is this in which the noblest morality may be sheer perversion, a pagan superstition may have Christian significance, and the highest longing be the same thing as spiritual failure? But in a sense Professor Sokel is right. Just this kind of uncertainty may represent Kafka's unconventional achievement. Or rather: his achievement may lie in his having discovered the possibility of escaping from the convention of realistic meaning altogether. Like a painter who has realized that the art lies, after all, on the surface of the canvas, Kafka has rendered the illusion of all such profundities as are quoted above, the illusion that there is really some spiritual significance in the world, as a pure aesthetic surface. We would miss the point of his work if we tried to discover what conventional meaning it still showed the world to possess (as though the castle were meant to be heaven). We would be simple-minded if we discussed whether so many meanings could co-exist "in reality" (as though Picasso's shapes and colours could be found in nature). What does the metamorphosis of the hero into a beetle mean? It means that the description of how a door is opened—and it is with the rendering of such commonplace subjects that most of Kafka's pages are concerned—acquires a stylistic intensity that no realistic novel could any longer hope to achieve.

More appropriate than the analogy to Shakespeare is Professor Sokel's acceptance of the term "expressionist" for Kafka's style, for it has associations with the avant-garde painting of the time—though perhaps superficially with the wrong school. Kafka's style has more of the studied complexity of analytical cubism than it has of the lyricism of, say, Marc or Nolde. Most appropriate of all, of course, is Professor Sokel's method of structural analysis. For this is the academic child of that same aesthetic doctrine to whose works it so successfully addresses itself. As he reviews the manifold levels of meaning, Professor Sokel cautiously expresses himself in the conditional, and he has commonsense reservations to make elsewhere about all other interpretations of Kafka, religious, psychological, or social; none of them, he sees, will entirely fit. His tendency nevertheless to use fragments of all of them must seem bewildering to anyone who seeks an old-fashioned answer to the question: what does Kafka's art represent? Professor Sokel's intellectual collage matches Kafka's artistic technique. What appears on the fictional canvas father, or the super-ego ... bureaucrat, or the Kl.-... it is a power-shape (Mak... is no longer anything in a... a pure visionary realiza... Kafka always aspired to... which life would still pre... natural rise and fall, but as... time would be seen to be... clearly, a nothingness, a ... movement entirely in the ... this way, death scenes ... became, in the telling, a ... "secret game", and suffering ... real suffering, "perfectly ... beautiful".

Thus, Professor Sokel is ... right to conclude his collage ... ings with the observation t... *tically* Kafka's work expresses ... thing different from any ... "All these interpretations ... vant", he writes, "but none ... explains Kafka the artist ... art presents no message, ... pression and concrete pre... It is the new truism on the ... teaching of literature is ... teaching which has pate... nothing to teach but the ... world's departed meaningl... expressed. Those critics ... which, in dossiers as ... those of the castle, are busy ... ing every conceivable inte... of western literature, indeed ... tern culture, do not personal... any particular view of ... Being scrupulous scholars ... not accustomed to being ... by any such personal ques... their heart of hearts they ... perhaps quite like ... approached by someone ... to know, like K., "wh... position here?" But, alas ... didate will probably have ... sleep before they can finish ... perly begin) their answer ... not expect any illuminati... such an official source. ... the official mind of our ... world possesses, or is pos... is the self-perpetuating ... knowledge, of knowledge ... knowledge, and interpreta... interpretations, a process ... fication lies in the strength ... organization, in the ... "operates" and is "... Anyone who tries to confess... sonally to find out what he ... is supposed to mean is ... himself as baffled as K. ... aesthetic education modelled ... principle is so widely ... humanistically beneficial ... that, as Kafka's schoolmas... cates, had better not be spok...

* * *

But we must beware of ... to offer simply another ... of Kafka's "objective" ... Clearly, Kafka is not really ... about the educational ... more than he is writing about ... tarian oppression. Whatever ... is suggested as his "real" ... is obvious that his rendering ... no more than a grotesque ... The reason why it is a ... plain to see: the realistic ... his fiction is only partly ... able, being frequently ... the inclusion of weird, ... and even impossible events ... other hand, the psycholog... ture of his writing is distinct... nizable and even, within ... allowed by the content, ... Thus, structural similarities ... discovered between ... describes and many ... modern experience. ... price of accepting such ... similarity as true is too ... perhaps not what Kafka ... For this would mean ... also that the real content ... once has no necessary ... itself. There are necessary ... nected with each of the real ... to which Kafka's writing ... compared, whether it be the ... tion of the Jews or the ... of scientific learning. ... these and indeed all other ... binding truths unrecogniz... can only be judged, in ... terms, to have made a ... sentative drawing of ... Picasso's portrait of ... is no longer a good ... course, such a judgment ... the point, for both ... discovered totally new ... of expression. The ... modern aestheticism ... understand that ... does not have any subject ... art, the possibilities of ... the act of creation ...

Now the position of ... development ...

because it cannot break the bonds between its medium (language) and reality: it can only distort them. The result of pursuing possibilities of artistic speculation and analysis independently of any controlling model in reality is, in the case of a work of fiction, to distort experience into the appearance of fantasy, or a kind of waking dream. No critic can here overlook the structural similarity to Freud's description of our psychic condition. Professor Sokel points to many instructive parallels, but seems to forget what kind of art he is dealing with, and talks as though Kafka's novels were "about" neurotic behaviour. Does it make sense, however, to suppose that Joseph K. is neurotically "guilty", or K. neurotically "aggressive", if the perspective of the novels makes it impossible to distinguish between a sick reaction and a healthy one? Nor should we think of Kafka himself as neurotic, when he could render every possible nuance of his relationship to his father with such extraordinary lucidity. Self-knowledge was the means to health for Freud; for Kafka it was the very medium of his "sickness"—that is, of his alienation from reality, the condition of his art.

* * *

The similarity between Kafka's aesthetic adventure and Freud's account of neurotic fantasy is structural rather than literal. Kafka's interest in psychology was the reverse of Freud's: he saw in it a way of exploring, not the objective determinants of the mind, but the total subjectivity of all meaning. Freud accepted a practical norm by which to distinguish neurotic fantasy from reality. He could thus recognize the fantasies of neurotics to be, as he said, no more than "caricatures" of artistic or moral or religious responses. True, in his later work he began to ponder, rather naively, on the philosophical implications of his method. Might we not all be neurotic, might not our culture be a kind of fantasy? It is a paradoxical speculation, for there is no scientific way in which we could know this. But it would seem that just this paradox, just this possibility of pursuing the unreality of all our responses despite the absence of any recognizable norm, indeed by virtue of this absence, is what fascinated Kafka. Thus, he does not give to the experience merely of particular characters the distortion of fantasy: even in "America" it is difficult to see the "realistic framework" to which Jörg Thalmann points in *Wege zu Kafka*. It is rather the whole medium of existence which, in his work, appears distorted and fantastical. Living itself seems to have assumed the shape of some dreadful caricature.

* * *

Where then does the distortion lie, in the medium of Kafka's art or in the condition of existence? Do his words distort the world or do they reflect a distorted world? This remains the most bothersome question of Kafka interpretation, and the customary answer has been to assume that his fiction in some way represents the experience of modern Europeans, who have felt alienated from society, from their true selves, from the truth. It is time that this answer be reconsidered. We need to remind ourselves that what Kafka is writing about has no recognizable existence outside his work. However fearful the calamities of the age, *these* are not what his writing symbolizes. He rather destroys the symbolic meaning of language, just as his contemporaries in the plastic arts were destroying the representational significance of their media. Certainly, it was more difficult to free language from its entanglement with the real and still use it artistically. For the painter the way forward towards abstract creation was relatively unambiguous. Kafka's problem presented difficulties whose complexity, reflected most fully in his diaries, resembled those of analytical philosophy. He sounds strangely like Wittgenstein when he says, for instance (as reported by Janouch):

> Accident and chance only exist in our head, in our limited perceptions. They are the reflections of the limits of our knowledge. The fight against accident and chance is always a fight against ourselves, which we can never entirely win.

Accident and chance here symbolize for Kafka the imaginative illusion of life on which conventionally, the romance of fiction has been based, i.e., its plot and apparently lifelike occurrences. Modern philosophy has combated the similar illusion that experience contains problems of understanding, which are really misformulations due to the limitations of language. Psychology has combated the limits of consciousness to show that there are no mere accidents in dreams or daily life. Abstract art similarly breaks away from the merely accidental features of reality to celebrate the sole necessity of art.

The "fight" of which Kafka speaks is, then, not so much what *The Castle* is about as what Kafka's fiction is. The fact that language can only represent the "fight" by means of an image, so that it looks like some sort of objective struggle against an opponent, is in itself an accident of language. Just so does K. misapprehend the situation he finds himself in. To explore this misapprehension is the only (but endless) task left for an artistic imagination whose medium is language. For language ingeniously fabricates more and more misapprehensions as it busies itself with the task of clearing them away. The only certainty it can achieve is negative, the certainty of that "defeat" in which so many of Kafka's narratives end. The defeat of the spirit in our time? No, this is not an acceptable reading of Kafka's fiction. The only "spirit" which could be said to be defeated here is, in general terms, Kafka's own, or more particularly that abstraction of himself he called K., the subject of his aesthetic experiment. Moreover, the "defeat" of K. was in fact a triumphant achievement of Kafka's art. His art may perhaps offer a lesson in the necessary paradoxes of extreme aestheticism, that search for a point of aesthetic vision entirely independent of any illusion of participation in reality, which has led to ever greater abstraction in art. It is possible also that the structure of Kafka's paradoxes may seem applicable to other aspects of modern thought and experience, even to the practice of literary analysis, which can also appear "Kafkaesque". But the lesson is only instructive if we remember the point of view which alone makes it possible. It is the viewpoint of the aesthete who can enjoy the paradoxes of abstraction for their own sake.

RUSSIAN PORTRAITS

YURI ANNENKOV: *Dnevnik moikh vstrech* (*People and Portraits: A Tragic Cycle*). Vol. I: 335pp. Vol. II: 347pp. New York: Inter-Language Literary Associates. Dist. by A. Neimanis, Munich. 24s. each.

Yuri Annenkov, now nearly eighty, and living in Paris since 1924, has had an interesting life. Already well known before the Revolution as a portrait painter, cartoonist, stage designer and illustrator of books, he became famous in 1918 as the illustrator of Alexander Blok's most celebrated revolutionary poem *The Twelve*. During the first few years of the Soviet regime he was highly favoured by the authorities. He suffered no hardships during the famine and became one of the Court Painters of the Kremlin. In this book he describes his meetings and conversations with Lenin, Trotsky and Zinoviev, all of whom were among his sitters. He has little new to say about Lenin, but speaks with some admiration of Trotsky, who struck him as a real intellectual, with a keen appreciation of poetry and literature, and who was an ardent admirer of that "permanent revolutionary", Picasso. Even Zinoviev is made out to be rather a good fellow, who would go all sentimental about Paris and the Latin Quarter, and who once even blurted out: "The Revolution, the International—great stuff that, but if it ever upsets Paris, I'll burst into tears."

After Lenin's death Annenkov was commissioned to design portraits of Lenin for postage stamps and banknotes. However, soon afterwards he went abroad, and never returned to Russia. To him the "romantic" phase of the Revolution was over, and, although socialist-realism had not yet been proclaimed the official literary and artistic dogma, he felt that the Party's stranglehold on the artist and writer was becoming increasingly intolerable. Although some of Annenkov's drawings (e.g. his portrait of Zinoviev) are perfectly academic, he had an obvious preference for that mildly cubist and constructivist style of which his drawing of Trotsky, also reproduced in this volume, is a good example.

Mr. Annenkov was a good mixer; and there is hardly a Russian writer, artist or theatrical producer around 1920 whom he did not count among his friends—or at least acquaintances. He even lists the numerous celebrities, among them Alexei Tolstoy and Mayakovsky, with whom he was on terms of *tutoyage*. But his reminiscences are bitter and angry. Without giving credit to the Soviet system for anything, not even for the victory over Nazi Germany, he represents it as a monstrous machine for killing all genuine artistic and literary talent and initiative. Nearly all his stories are of martyrdom. Gumilev was shot; Pilnyak, Babel and Meyerhold perished in the purges; Khlebnikov died of starvation; Mayakovsky and Esenin committed suicide; Blok died of undernourishment and discouragement; Remizov and Zamyatin died in exile; Zoshchenko, Akhmatova and Pasternak suffered savage persecution. The chapters on Meyerhold and Blok, both of whom were close friends of Mr. Annenkov, are among the best and most tragic.

The "survivors" such as Ehrenburg and Alexei Tolstoy are treated with bitterness and contempt. To Mr. Annenkov, Ehrenburg is the regime's salesman whose job it is to strike daring liberal attitudes abroad, and to convince the outside world that the regime is not as bad as it is—which is scarcely a fair picture of a man who has himself been badly ill-treated at times. Alexel Tolstoy, "the Soviet count", is shown here as the complete cynic who, during a visit to Paris, said to Annenkov:

> I am simply a cynic; I don't give a damn about anything. I am an ordinary mortal who wants to live, and to live well. My writing? I don't give a damn about that either. . . . My first version of *Peter the First* was turned down. It's because, while I was writing it, the Father of the People [Stalin] discovered that Peter was "a proletarian tsar", and a forerunner of our Great Joseph. Now I am doing a new version which, I am sure, will please Joseph. I don't give a damn; I'll write whatever is wanted. If he wants Ivan the Terrible and Rasputin rehabilitated, and turned into learned Marxists, I don't care. I even find these acrobatics rather amusing.

The trouble with some of Mr. Annenkov's stories is that one can never be quite sure what is fact and what is fiction. This harangue, delivered by Alexei Tolstoy in a Paris night-club, though not wholly out of character, seems a bit exaggerated all the same.

Nor is this account of the author's last meeting with Mayakovsky in Nice in 1929 altogether convincing:

> "I am returning to Moscow", Mayakovsky said, "because I have stopped being a poet."

> And then a truly dramatic thing happened. Mayakovsky burst into sobs and whispered, almost inaudibly: "I am now a government official."

> The girl serving us, frightened by the sobbing, came running up to ask what was the matter. Mayakovsky turned to her and said in Russian, with a cruel smile: "Nothing, nothing. I just choked on a bone. . ."

True, Mayakovsky committed suicide a year later; but is there not here a certain confusion between reporting and retrospective thought-reading?

In another chapter Mr. Annenkov deals with the persecution of Pasternak in connexion with the Nobel Prize award. In quoting the poet's letter to Mr. Khrushchev in which he wrote that his expulsion from Russia "would be equal to death", Mr. Annenkov says that Pasternak was *made* to sign this letter, and that nothing would have pleased him better than to be expelled to France or Italy. This is to misunderstand the true character of Pasternak and his Akhmatova-like devotion to the Russian earth. The fact that Pasternak had loved Venice and had commented a little ironically on the finest churches and towers of the Kremlin having been built by Italian architects is surely wholly irrelevant in the tragic context of 1958.

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ANATOMY OF SOUTH AMERICA

JOHN GUNTHER: *Inside South America*. 610pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2 2s.

Mr. Gunther's recently published *Fragment of Autobiography* had for its subtitle "The *Fun* of Writing the Inside Books". The appearance of yet another substantial volume in this now famous series provides sufficient evidence that Mr. Gunther continues to enjoy his work and that his amazing energy shows no signs of flagging with the passing years. Having already done inside jobs on Latin America (in 1941), Asia Africa, Russia, the United States and Europe (twice), he now returns to Latin America. However, by-passing Mexico, Central America, Cuba and the Caribbean, he confines himself this time to the countries of South America. He is at great pains to make clear that his latest book is "in no sense a revision or updating of the old book . . . (but) a totally fresh work, following a long, arduous and comprehensive recent trip through the ten South American republics". (Guyana did not qualify for inclusion at the time of writing): Argentina (the most advanced, but "derelict, frustrated and divided", the "sick man" of the continent), Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile ("the most enlightened"), Peru, Bolivia ("Peru exploded"), Ecuador, Colombia ("the most baffling, contradictory and complex"), Venezuela and Brazil (perhaps the most fascinating and certainly the most variegated, comprising as it does almost half the total area and half the population of the continent).

There is little need for Mr. Gunther to justify his taking a second look at South America. During the quarter of a century since the publication of *Inside Latin America* (now completely outdated) fundamental changes have taken place there, notably a remarkable population explosion, considerable economic, and especially industrial, growth, rapid urbanization, and some modification of the traditional social structure. Moreover, the need for basic social and economic reform, including agrarian reform, has become the subject of widespread debate throughout the continent. As Mr. Gunther says, in the 1940s most of South America was frozen into a kind of derelict immobility in domestic affairs . . . today nearly the entire continent is in a state of active flux, grasping for a future, with fundamental, yeasty impulses for change apparent almost everywhere. The key word is advance.

More to the point, since Mr. Gunther's *forte* has always been up-to-the-minute political analysis—the series sets out to describe "the known political world of today continent by continent"—there have been radical changes in the political scene as well: new political forces like nationalism and populism, new parties and new leaders.

In compiling his books, Mr. Gunther draws extensively on personal interviews with Top People backed by information from his newspaper and periodical files. So great is his international standing these days that presidents as well as lesser men actually ask to see *him*. On this latest trip he and his wife talked with the president of each of the South American republics, besides many ex-presidents and some about to take office, high-ranking politicians of all shades of opinion, outstanding churchmen and distinguished men of letters (a meeting with Jorge Luis Borges, delightfully recalled, provided the author with the "best afternoon" he had in South America).

The accounts of his many interviews and the pen portraits which accompany them, together with the descriptions of recent and not so recent political events—the assassination of President Gaitán of Colombia in 1948, Perón's rise and fall, the coup of March, 1964, in Brazil, the election in Chile of Sr. Eduardo Frei ("probably the ablest chief executive in South America")—constitute by far the most interesting and illuminating sections of the book. Mr. Gunther tries to get to the root of things by analysing, briefly, what he calls the "power factors" in each country, and by asking bluntly "who runs the place?". The answer, despite the striking changes that have taken place in South America since the end of the Second World War, is invariably what it would have been twenty-five years ago: the landed oligarchies (now joined by nearly the entire continent is in a state of active flux, grasping for a future, with fundamental, yeasty impulses for change apparent almost everywhere. The key word is advance.

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Economic and social questions are not handled in any very profound fashion, although Mr. Gunther is concerned about the continent's many ills and peppers his text with facts and figures about average annual per capita income ($269 compared with $2,975 in the United States), the maldistribution of income, mortality rates, levels of literacy and foreign investment. Clearly the rapidly growing urban slums which already house (if "house" is the word) millions of people—Rio's *favelas*, Lima's *barriadas*, Caracas's *ranchos*—made a deep impression on a man who has probably witnessed the worst that the world has to offer. His overall view of the social and political situation is very much what might be called the conventional one of "The Coming Revolution": the South American continent is "on the brink of revolution", a "genuine pre-revolutionary pattern" has been reached and a "blow-up" is inevitable unless the continent is rapidly educated, democratized and developed. Like almost every other observer he regards Chile under the moderately reformist Christian Democrat Sr. Frei as "a vital glowing beacon for the future".

The threat of communist subversion is discussed at several points throughout the book and Mr. Gunther rightly concludes that the danger, at least in the short run, has been greatly exaggerated by alarmist opinion in the United States. As for Fidel Castro—the Cuban Revolution was perhaps the most important single event to affect South America in the period between Mr. Gunther's two visits—his influence is clearly on the decline. As one young man the author talked to put it, "we were with Castro until we heard the balalaika".

Reform or Revolution, the Communist and the Castroist threat these are issues that matter to Americans. For economic and strategic reasons, Latin America is perhaps the most critical area in the world for the United States (the late President Kennedy certainly regarded it as such). Yet despite the multiplicity of Alliance for Progress projects which Mr. Gunther encountered at every point on his journey, he acknowledges that United States-Latin America relations leave much to be desired. Economic "exploitation" and political and military intervention ("the bugaboo of bugaboos") whether in the shape of United States marines in the Dominican Republic or the infamous Operation Camelot scheme these are what really anger the Latin Americans. *Do we own South America?* Mr. Gunther asks. No, he replies, but we often behave as if we did. *Do we take more out of South America than we give?* Probably. *Are we finished in South America?* No, but we should watch our step.

It would be misleading, however, to give the impression that his book is entirely concerned with public affairs. Far from it. Mr. Gunther is also a Super Tourist who goes everywhere, sees everything and records it all. Visits to the Amazon, to Tierra del Fuego and to Machu Picchu, the Lost City of the Incas, were all included in his itinerary, but this remains essentially a book about urban South America. Only rarely does the author leave the cities for the backward rural areas where more than half the population of the continent still lives and works. And it is when describing the rhythm of life in the great metropolises—Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Buenos Aires, Lima and Caracas—that he is at his best. He has an almost Bondian interest in exotic food and in powerful and unusual drinks, like the Gentle Thunderer (orange juice, Cointreau, Kirsch and gin) and the Chinese Itch (pisco, Grand Marnier and Scotch)—both discovered in Peru.

Included in the book are almost every known cliché about Latin America and all the best stories (significantly most of them out of Brazil): when Governor Carlos Lacerda was campaigning to clear beggars off the streets of Rio his enemies chained that the police were tossing them into the bay; when word of this got around, Rio's beggars, it appeared on the streets preservers. The book is miscellaneous information, some not: Chile is few countries in South where girls in appear stark naked; Guanabara (in Brazil) servants than New York; varieties of palm, 800 and 1,800 different edible fish. Well, what know!

Mr. Gunther ends with tables setting out concerning the area of its population, racial trade balances and the Communist also including principal Colombia: "inflation; stability and healing of *violencia*; population development at large; "incorporation of the submerged Indians into the state; political stability reform; communication guerrilla uprising") and a description" of each (Brazil beaches, carnival, voodoo opulence side by side poverty, although the potentially rich enough comfortably for all; gated, profuse. Good Chile: "oddly shaped rope: scenery of unspeakable deur. Hot for progress under a liberal Cabinet Pretty women, dinner highly civilized").

Mr. Gunther's latest equally well be described Who in South America, South America's cities, "national profiles" and hand political reports American news magazine and a great deal else entertaining, although serious in purpose, it is confidently written by has been doing this sort a long time—and, in a more successfully than The lasting impression book is that despite its features—which are to all underdeveloped developed areas—South remains the most exciting earth.

★ JOHN MURRAY ★

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PEOPLE OF PAPUA

KENNETH E. READ: *The High Valley*. 266pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.
J. P. SINCLAIR: *Behind the Ranges*. Patrolling in New Guinea. 230pp. Cambridge University Press. 21s.

Altitude and depth, exaltation and depression are the elements threading together *The High Valley*. While the subject-matter switchbacks between both physical and mental peaks and troughs, the writing is consistently on a plateau. At times the publisher's claim that it "is marked by poetic beauty" is justified, which is the more remarkable as such of the subjects as are not scenic are somewhat removed from personability giving rise to lyrics.

Dr. Read, Professor of Anthropology at the Washington State University, was a research fellow at the Australian National University's exciting School of Pacific Studies: it was from there that he went in 1950 to live with the Gahuku tribes in New Guinea's Central Highlands. An unusual anthropological work has emerged. In intention and treatment it transmits the complex individuality of the author without detriment to his analysis of the Gahuku peoples. It sets out confessedly to be subjective and, through its pattern of character studies of half a dozen tribal figures and their quite separate relationships with the writer, it maintains an inward-directed focus to the end. One study of a tribal leader and the challenge confronting him in the new perplexing guise of sudden transition contrasts sharply with an opposite study of a man aiming to be a leader in the same but for him favourable atmosphere: both tell a great deal about the society and the individual in their different approaches, but for many readers a main fascination will be another confession of the writer's (manifest early enough without the need for admission) that here is a case of a supreme introvert in the midst of unrelieved, supreme extroversion.

There are few areas in the world more rugged, uncompromising and unrelenting than lie behind the ranges of New Guinea; not a Proustian backdrop by the farthest stretch of imagination, but there are echoes of quite unantipodean sensitivity:

> Day after day I stooped myself in my surroundings, anxious to fix each detail in my mind, to know how the light played on a curving leaf, to separate the colors in the shadows underneath a vine, to find the right word for the sound of distant water, for the smell of dust, for the monumental movement of the clouds; searching in these particulars for a larger meaning.

And again:

> Drops of water clung magically to the curved surface of banana leaves, glittering crystals containing rainbows of refracted light, magnifying the veins of the jade-green surface where they rested, splashing down to the low-growing vines, and seeping through the fabric of my shirt like the touch of cold lips. The air had the softness of recent rain when scents blend, no longer identifiable with their separate origins but thinned to a single tender and ecstatic essence.

Professor Read communicates finely the colour, gestures, smells of Gahuku life, making a cogent case for selecting, if the choice arose, a more rather than less introspective European to live sympathetically among such people. Part of his unexpectedness is his resilience in a milieu with physical tests like this:

> The round houses, so dramatic when the last light of day slanting low across the valley set them in lambent frieze against the evening sky, were noisome places, dark and redolent with the smell of pigs and unwashed bodies. It always required an act of will to go down on my knees to enter the houses through their narrow openings, and more than once, crushed into the [illegible] thirty other people, my [illegible] threatened by a morning [illegible] panic, an unreasoning [illegible] urge to escape into the [illegible] panic was only intensified by [illegible] singing, alternately shrill [illegible] reverberating in the confined [illegible] I felt myself dissolving into [illegible] my mind had become a [illegible] for the massed voices, but [illegible] intolerant of physical discomfort I became accustomed to [illegible] absence of any standards of [illegible] cleanliness—to the crust of [illegible] ing to skins that had been [illegible] anointed with rancid pig's fat [illegible] sight of a woman who had cut [illegible] hair in a snood made from the [illegible] lining of an animal's stomach.

Introspection is evident in Sinclair's pages where introspection in every paragraph. The Bush New Guinea and the sharp and brutal: it is one unexplained mysteries how come to be any old man at all experienced patrol officer plain why a first patrol will not be attacked. The coast stone-age men gazes it has of the material culture shown by the first patrol will unavoidable that any second patrol be set upon.

Mr. Sinclair's descriptions series of patrols into the area of the interior between 1958 is one of the best to be made. For, as he concludes know what lies behind the

> Europeans like Dr. Read and Sinclair know the inhabitants cordillera to be club-happy, happy, betel-nut spitting, jerky tribes whose [illegible] smoke and dehydrate their and live with them until they grate, but marvellously the knowledge in no way diminishes affection even if its [illegible] in capturing [illegible]

Fiction

WOMAN'S MIRROR

MARGARET DRABBLE: *Jerusalem the Golden*. 224pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Miss Drabble's fourth novel, written at the age of 27, is an impressive addition to an already impressively consistent *oeuvre*. Her first novel, *A Summer Bird-cage*, was recognizably a young writer's work. But it also contained alarmingly developed qualities of intelligence, purpose and style, which are present in all her subsequent books. If the fourth is amazingly like the first, it is a tribute to precocity rather than a proof of backwardness. All her books are assured, polished, planned — a triumph of, as well as within, deliberate boundaries.

The heroine of *Jerusalem the Golden* is Clara, the daughter of a Town Hall clerk in the North of England. Her background is not only grim, but petty: an unloving mother, an uncomfortable house, the unglamorous attentions of boys at the local grammar school. Miss Drabble very subtly weaves together the moral and the aesthetic objections to such a milieu. Clara may confuse the two though one cannot avoid sympathizing with her for doing so but it seems unlikely that her creator does. She escapes to London, to go to college, and finds herself in a sort of limbo, having lost one home without finding another, until she makes friends with a rich, literary, liberal-minded family. She falls for all of them, as Pierre did for the Rostovs; and finally, inevitably, embarks on an affair with one of them, the dazzlingly handsome Gabriel, who is trapped in a wretched marriage. Neatly varying a traditional theme, Miss Drabble has Clara first break off the affair and then discover, when her mother falls fatally ill, that she cannot resist the comfort of Gabriel's presence. The harsh truth is that not all truths are harsh.

Miss Drabble makes her books carefully and consciously, as her heroines make their lives. She tells rather than shows, and she always knows very clearly what she is doing. This book, like her others, goes over some very familiar ground, and persuades us that we never looked at it closely enough before: the everyday stuff of contemporary middle-class life is both funnier and more serious than one might think. A less honest writer would succumb to mere superior distaste for Clara's school trip to Paris, or to mere charmed admiration for Gabriel's family--a slice of Bloomsbury transplanted to Highgate, all communal warmth and mutual admiration. Miss Drabble can be sharp enough. "Mr. Maughan had provided for his family with a thoroughness that bordered upon the reckless in so far as a man may squander upon insurance, he had done so." But she is never condescending or dismissive.

Such coolness has its dangers. Her style is sometimes too formal, almost mandarin. "She liked, too, the work." "He paid but a feeble and superficial attention to her progress." "The insecurity of Janice's position fortified her, for she knew herself to be more secure, less irritating, less tactless in every way than Janice." The strain creates a counterstrain when she wants to describe the nearest her characters come to abandon:

> When they reached his office, they went up in the lift without meeting anyone, and he unlocked the door, and then locked it behind him, and then with mutual good will they lay down upon the floor. And he not ceasing to be astonished by her ease, and she not ceasing to be astonished by her own felicity, they lay there together upon the mock-parquet tiles. . . .

Miss Drabble is too good to be judged by any but the highest standards, and by the highest standards this is altogether too soft and sing-song. Luckily it is exceptional. Most of her sentences are lucid and elegant: intelligence shines out of every paragraph.

For all its comedy, *Jerusalem the Golden* is in some ways an austere book, quite lacking the diversions which modern readers almost take for granted. (Whole conversations are reported in indirect speech.) The inconclusive conclusion, however deliberate, is unsatisfying: eventually it seems a pity to have evoked so perfectly two different sets of characters and then to do so little with them. But the evocation itself is an achievement of which anyone could be proud. Gabriel's marriage, for example, is laid out in seven pages of almost unbearable intensity: pure description, totally convincing, of everyday inevitable hell. It would be overgenerous to compare Miss Drabble with George Eliot, but not totally ridiculous. If people in fifty years' time want to know what it was like to be a young woman in London in the 1960s, this novel, like her others, will tell them: not the whole truth, but a large part of it, and truthfully.

STYLES AND DESPAIRS

MICHAEL ANTHONY: *Green Days by the River*. 191pp. André Deutsch. 25s.
H. ORLANDO PATTERSON: *An Absence of Ruins*. 160pp. Hutchinson. 21s.

Mr. Anthony goes with Shellie, a boy in Trinidad, through the gay minefield of his growing-up first love, first job, first lessons in violence, the death of his father, the onset of adulthood, green tinged with grim. Michael Anthony's writing is limpid, clear to the point of ruthlessness, luminously single-minded. His style is all pace, colour, movement and purposeful gaiety. Even the ghastly mauling Shellie receives from the dogs of a man whose daughter he has compromised is handled with an air of genial if covert good intent. Mr. Ghidaree is merely trying to impress on the lad that his best course would be to marry the girl. As soon as Shellie agrees to do so "Everything will be okay, me old Shell". Sometimes the facility and vivaciousness of it all get a bit too young and easy under the cashew trees, but mostly the tone is admirably judged, relaxed but urgent, unsentimentally passionate.

An Absence of Ruins is also, in a way, concerned with growing up in the West Indies. Mr. Patterson's publishers nervously call it a "most unusual novel. In the tradition of Camus, but in no sense derivative". The "tradition" is that of the intellectual trapped in a desperate crisis of identity where his life is felt to be disordered, meaningless. "All that there is, is some vague sense of having been. My awareness comes upon me as something having past, an everpassing presence." Mr. Patterson's intellectual is a young Jamaican academic, Alexander Blackman (yes), who gives up his job, abandons militant politics, rakes over the soot of a failed marriage and comes to define "his need to assert once and for all the position he had chosen on life, that of a noble coward". He does so by staging a fake suicide—so successfully that news of it kills his mother. This jolts him not into guilt but into a shamed sense of his own guiltlessness. "It is no longer that I find life worthless, but that life has found me worthless. . . . Is there no vast, indifferent horde somewhere among which I can sl.. down in anonymity?" And the payoff is that Blackman finds his "dark jungle" in London, where his "faceless figure" can be found loquaciously protesting his own nothingness: "I come from nowhere worth mentioning. I am busy going nowhere, but I must keep up the appearance of going in order to forget that I am not."

Mr. Patterson has a fair instinct for comedy, and there are some successful set-pieces where Blackman engineers or cogitates himself into demonstrations of his own inherent clownishness. His encounter with a pier nightwatchman after a "serious" attempt at drowning is excellent farce ("Don't you know this is private property?"—"I was only trying to kill myself"). Such local joys are acceptable enough, but Mr. Patterson's larger purposes are fatally unclear. Does he mean his book as a great laugh on Alexander Blackman, a sustained parody of a trendy kind of existential melancholia? If so, the intent would be worthy and the failure honourable. Mr. Patterson has some useful devices of ridicule to inflict on his hero (e.g., a blown-up style and some telling literary embellishments), but not enough ironic skill finally to convince.

Contemporary mock-heroic of this kind is a touchy boomerang for an inexperienced writer to fiddle with. The straight originals in the genre are not yet classic enough, and are more than likely to betray the would-be satirist into poker-faced imitation. Mr. Patterson may be after a mucking pastiche (although the blurb is against this view) but it is, sadly, more probable that he is in earnest. As a narcissistic, word-sated zombie, Alexander Blackman would be a clever idea which fell down because the author's structural tactics are not as consistent or outrageous as they would need to be. As a character whose "various mental states and philosophical conclusions" (blurb again) we are meant to take straight and solemn, he is, in the very wrong sense, ridiculous and the rules and rubrics with which Mr. Patterson aids his progress from nothing to nothing (such as the epigraphs ranging from *Paradise Lost* to Bessie Smith) serve as so many banana skins.

HOME, SWEET HOME

MICHAEL BURN: *The Trouble with Jake*. 271pp. Bodley Head. 25s.

Mr. Burn's theme in *The Trouble with Jake* is an important one, and it is intelligently developed. Jake is the representative of that nihilistic amorality which is said to be gaining ground among the intelligent young and he is contrasted not with some over-thirty has-been with a thing about standards but with Hughie, a post-national service stripling, rather like Jake, but still able to find meaning in, for instance, the idea of constancy or devotion—whether it be to a cause, a craft, or a woman.

Jake runs a restaurant in a provincial town, and runs it very profitably by developing bordello-ish sidelines. Hughie, an apprentice-architect from Wales, dreams of Deborah, who used to live in Fort Gwynedd, the Big House near his mother's farm—a romantic place and an early stimulant of Hughie's architectural ambitions. The two young men clash, and yet at the same time are mutually attracted to the extent of becoming deeply involved in each other's affairs. It is only when the enterprising Jake buys up the Fort in order to bring modish vice to that part of North Wales that Hughie's love-hate contracts into an untempered hostility that leads to violence and tragedy.

Mr. Burn sees these two young men very clearly, but his discernment springs from a somewhat central kind of involvement. The confrontation is a genuine and important one, but the humans who act it out are far too insubstantial.

TALMALAMUD

HARRY KEMELMAN: *Saturday the Rabbi went Hungry*. 248pp. Hutchinson. 21s.

Abie's Irish Rose is a sure-fire formula, and by no means at its least attractive in Harry Kemelman's stories (of which this is the second) about the young American Rabbi, David Small, and his investigations with and against the Irish-Catholic police chief in a small New England town. It must be granted that their chief interest lies in the Rabbi's expositions of Judaism and his struggles with his materially-minded congregation, a nice piece of exact observation. But Mr. Kemelman should be warned that to have the Rabbi make only so few—no matter how intelligent—deductions in a singsong Talmudic voice is barely enough to pass his novels from poor-man's Mata-mud into true detection.

MISFITS

FRANÇOIS-RÉGIS BASTIDE: *La Palmeraie*. 192pp. Paris: Seuil. 12fr.
MARCEL CLOUZOT: *La Dette*. 262pp. Paris: Denoël. 12.50fr.

The basic theme of *La Palmeraie* is simple: it is the gripping journey into the past of a *pied noir*, Charles Deslandes, who has settled in Corsica and is running a half-hearted business renting holiday bungalows. The impetus for the reconstruction of his past life is provided by the prying curiosity of a retired doctor, Deslandes, a mediocre and ineffectual man, turns out to be the adoring son of a liberal-minded *colon*. After his father's death he married the daughter of a not so liberally minded *colon* family. He loved her beyond all reason; she despised and misunderstood him. They had to leave Morocco, he suffered from unexplained loss of memory, the marriage broke up, and he retired to Corsica.

Within the bones of this plot there is a multiplicity of themes which all centre on the psychology of the lost paradise: the death of the all-too-perfect father, the loss of the good colonial life in Morocco, and, above all, the fact that Deslandes's wife apparently hates him. In Corsica he retreats into a dream world of the might-have-been. The doctor cannot help him because he does not want to be helped, and Deslandes finally sets fire to his *palmeraie*, and with it to his dreams, his past and himself.

The novel as a whole is a failure because M. Bastide tries to put too much into it. The dual narration in alternate chapters by the doctor and Deslandes, the lengthy pseudo-technical diagnoses of amnesia, the over-simplified father worship and the contrived local colour (called, on the author's own admission, from newspapers) all distract from the novel's most absorbing quality: the authentic alienation of Deslandes. He refuses to come to terms with the world and, unlikable though he is, there is a disquieting truth in his masochistic but passionate love for his wife.

Marcel Clouzot's *La Dette* deals with a misfit and a dream world of a different kind. Every night, in the company of a guide, a man leaves his house to travel through a surrealistic city (shades of Dante and of Lewis Carroll). Again we have a journey into the past, but at each stage there is a hint that the "debt" of the title is still to be paid. One morning the hero finally disappears with the dawn. Where or why we are not told, but the birds sing: "He has paid."

Doll-type symbols abound: the hero finds a living, though bodiless, hand in his pocket which later becomes an empty black glove. Its significance is anyone's guess, but waking life, the hero suggests, is only a reflection of reality: "I see that life is not there. It is elsewhere, harsher and more vital." But by the end M. Clouzot has lost our interest and our sympathy. Possibly there is a truer life elsewhere. It is not, unfortunately, to be found in *La Dette*.

MIXING IT

FRANK HERCULES: *I Want a Black Doll*. 320pp. Collins. 25s.

"Not a pretty book", says the blurb, and for once a publisher's estimate is accurate. Frank Hercules, now an American but born in Trinidad, takes as his theme the marriage of an able, intelligent half-caste doctor to an equally gifted Southern white. He traces it from the influences of upbringing that made such a union possible, through its agonised striving for accord to its final collapse. Mr. Hercules's greatest strength lies in his exposure of what it is like to live in a race-conscious society. He lets us see—with force—how to a Negro any moment, any encounter may bring humiliation and how easily a white man, even with charity, may cause it. It does not follow that Mr. Hercules is impartial, with all that implies of indifference, but he does achieve a sort of passionate balance, which is far more useful.

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MUSICAL MEMORIES

DORIS MONTEUX: *It's All in the Music.* The Life and Work of Pierre Monteux. 255pp. William Kimber. £2 10s.

In 1960, at the age of eighty-five, Pierre Monteux accepted a life contract as principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra. In an age when octogenarians among conductors are not exactly rare—the endurance of Beecham and Toscanini had been astonishing enough — the French conductor must hold the record. He met the huge physical and intellectual demands of his post up till his eighty-ninth year, travelling with his orchestra during this time as far as Tokyo. Reminiscences of his long career were systematically collected from him during this period by his wife. Unfortunately, the gaps and inaccuracies in these rambling stories hardly allow them to form the basis of an acceptable "life and work". The date of the conductor's birth is incorrectly given as 1876 (he was born in 1875), and misspellings of proper names are frequent. The list of Monteux's first performances is indeed impressive; it includes Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* and Debussy's *Jeux*, but not, as stated on page 218, Debussy's *Marche Ecossaise* (this was first conducted by D. E. Inghelbrecht), nor his orchestral *Image* entitled *Gigues* (the first performance of this work was conducted by Gabriel Pierné).

These lively reminiscences do, however, sometimes suggest a fruitful line of research. What has happened, one wonders, to Monteux's precious Berlioz scores containing markings originating from the composer and which were carried off by the Germans in the last war? Elsewhere the conductor's amusing stories throw a sharp light on some hidden corner of the French musical scene, opening up a vista also to the social historian. At fireplaces at each end of the hall reserved for the Colonne Orchestra the double-bass and trombone players would normally, during rehearsals—and characteristically, if one takes into account the sensuous aesthetic of French music—grill a lamb chop. Contrast this with orchestral practices across the Rhine. At Meiningen, at about this time, the austere Hans von Bülow demanded that, in order for them to give of their best, all the players of his orchestra except the cellists should perform standing.

Monteux started out as a Berlioz conductor and in later years became renowned for his Brahms readings. He confessed that as time went on he tended to exhaust the qualities of the later French composers. Nor did he ever return with enthusiasm to the early revolutionary works of Stravinsky. Possibly he was influenced by an experience at an early rehearsal, taken by Stravinsky, of *Les Noces*. Monteux was to conduct the subsequent performances of this work. "I had studied the score thoroughly and I at once noticed that no one came in on time, chorus or soloists." (An earlier account, published by Monteux in 1926, states: "I noticed that all the singers were singing their parts either one-third too high or one-fourth too low, and never the composer corrected them.") Matters were at length adjusted at an additional rehearsal under Monteux, who thus first gave the work as it was written. "But", he laconically records, "it had not the success as when conducted by the composer."

The Third "Conference on Editorial Problems" will be held at the University of Toronto on October 27 and 28, 1967. The general theme will be problems of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the following papers will be presented: T. Besterman, "20,000 Voltaire Letters: Editorial Problems"; J. Hemlow: "The Editing of Mme. D'Arblay's Letters and Journals"; G. E. Bentley Jr., "Blake's Protean Text"; O. M. Brack Jr., "The Strahan Printing Ledgers"; W. J. Howard, "Literature in the Law Courts, 1770-1800".

Details may be obtained from G. E. Bentley Jr., Department of English, University College, University of Toronto.

PICTURES FROM SPAIN

CHANDLER RATHFON POST: *A History of Spanish Painting.* Edited by Harold E. Wethey. Volume XIV: The Schools of Aragon and Navarre in the Early Renaissance. 455pp. £8. Volume XV: The Renaissance in Castile. 280pp. £6. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press.

When Chandler Post died in 1959 he had all but fulfilled his formidable self-imposed task of writing the first detailed history of Spanish painting in the Middle Ages and Renaissance. Before his death, he had prepared for press the text and appendix of the volume on the schools of Aragon and Navarre in the early Renaissance, but had been unable to put his volume on the later Renaissance in Castile into any sort of shape. It is to Professor Harold Wethey, to whom Post bequeathed his manuscripts, that we owe the appearance of these last two instalments. The first volume Professor Wethey has completed by adding notes and bibliography: to make the second he has had to select and edit the manuscript materials and has added, for good measure, a biography and a bibliography of Post.

The Schools of Aragon and Navarre in the early Renaissance—in so far as the latter, which occupies only a brief chapter in the work under review, can be called a school at all—present a problem to the historian. Both were conservative and provincial, particularly slow to break with medieval traditions, and more susceptible to artistic influence from other parts of the peninsula than from Italy. Late medieval styles were, indeed, gradually modified by the introduction of Italian Renaissance elements, but it is noticeable that such innovations as there were were mostly superficial and derived from secondary sources, Flemish as well as Spanish. The most Italianate works illustrated in volume XIII belong, significantly, to the chapter on "Painters of other Spanish Schools active in Aragon". Neither in Aragon nor Navarre is there evidence of direct contact with Italian art. This intensifies the problem of characterization of individual or regional styles. Post and other scholars have nevertheless been able to identify the oeuvre of many artists on evidence that is here assembled in detail.

Because of the scarcity of documents many of the artists are still nameless, including the distinctive and original Aragonese painter, the Master of Sijena, whose major achievement was the high altar for the convent of this name. His mixture of old and new, of Flemish types and ornate Italianate architectural features, of large areas of richly decorated brocades and three dimensional forms and elaborate perspective, is a highly individual expression of the eclectic modes of Aragonese painting in the early Renaissance. Post weighs the arguments for and against the theory that the artist must have visited Northern Italy and concludes that he "perhaps knew no more of the Renaissance than what he had gleaned from its timid beginnings in his own peninsula".

It is unfortunate that Post was unable to bring his account of later Renaissance painting in Castile to completion, particularly because he is here dealing with a phase of Spanish painting with which he had not previously been concerned at least not in print. One omission was deliberate, that of El Greco, since Professor Wethey's own monograph was already in preparation in 1959. Other omissions are accidental. Had he lived, Post would undoubtedly have dealt with all the Spanish painters who worked for Philip II in the Escorial. As it is, only the two who came from Toledo, Luis de Caravajal and Miguel Barroso, are included. What we have here are five chapters dealing with Alonso Berruguete, his followers and other artists of the School of Valladolid, the School of Burgos, Gaspar Becerra and the School of Toledo. This last volume ends with the Toledan Hernando de Avila, the native and conventional painter whose designs for the high altar of Santo Domingo el Antiguo were set aside in favour of El Greco's work. The insipid Italianism of Hernando's paintings and those of most of the artists of the School of Toledo illustrated in this volume make it easy to imagine the impression of singularity and genius El Greco must have created.

Post's account is largely dependent on the work of other scholars, but his critical review of this work enables him to make several new and valuable contributions. The treatment of Alonso Berruguete is a case in point. In recent years Berruguete, better known as a sculptor than as a painter, has attracted wider attention than most sixteenth-century Spanish artists, particularly from Italian art historians, because of Vasari's references to his presence in Florence and Rome. Post rejects most of the attributions to him of paintings made in Italy, which are based on tenuous stylistic evidence, as he does Professor Longhi's theory that Berruguete influenced the mannerist development of Pontormo and Rosso. He also reduces the artist's Spanish paintings to a small but coherent group. (Account has been taken, in the footnotes to this volume, of most recent articles, published in 1961 on the occasion of the quincentenary of Berruguete's death.)

Although Gaspar Becerra is mentioned by Vasari as one of his own apprentices in Florence, and assistant to Daniele da Volterra in Rome, no attempt has yet been made to identify his early paintings. Italy, apart from the sculptures of him of one drawing after Michelangelo's "Last Judgement", is Spain his only documented work (in fact are the frescoes in the vault of El Pardo. Post doubts that the ship of the Prado "Magdalen" restores to him the "Pietà" in the same gallery. He also doubts what he describes as "persuasive arguments" for accepting the altarpiece to him of the illustrations are the title pages of the Spanish and Italian editions of Valverde's book on anatomy.

The influence of the earlier Renaissance introduced by Italian-trained artists and also of visited Italy, and the influence of Italian painters in the Escorial, not affect all Castilian painters there were still some who emulated the Hispano-Flemish Renaissance influence was still limited for the most part, rather than content and even Italianate artists seldom tackle classical subjects. Becerra's illustrating the Perseus legend rare exceptions. Examples of traiture are also scarce in this though it would have been be a new development at this court in the later Renaissance the author lived to complete voy with chapters on Sánchez and Pantoja.

In the thirty-seven years passed since the first three were published in 1930, Post's *History of Spanish Art* has become a monument in and a byword with studies specialists of Spanish throughout the world. It a pioneer work and has by noting the results of new in a series of appendices, to date in this respect. The presentation, however, mained virtually unchanged first volumes and now appear what outmoded. The illustrations modern standards, are adequate. But this is unreasonable. *History* is, after all, the of one man: it remains indispensable.

CHANT AND OPERA

Essays Presented to Egon Wellesz. Edited by Jack Westrup. 188pp. 7 plates. Clarendon Press. University Press. £4 10s.

Although Oxford University, through the good offices of Lincoln College and a fellow of Worcester College, was doubly blessed in 1939 by acquitting the composer and musicologist, Egon Wellesz, as a Reader of Byzantine music, it has been singularly slow to honour his advancing years with the traditional *Festschrift*. The present volume of essays appeared shortly after his eighty-first birthday. It consists of an eight-line tribute to the recipient and sixteen articles dealing with Christian Chant and Opera—the two subjects with which Wellesz's name, as a scholar, is particularly associated.

In common with many publications of this kind the *Essays* vary considerably in quality and interest. Some are anecdotal and reminiscent, like the opening account by Wellesz's colleague, H. W. J. Tillyard, of the work done in the early years of this century to rediscover and restore Byzantine chant as it was in the Middle Ages. Others adopt the scholarly, up-to-the-knees-in-footnotes approach, which in the case of Eric Werner's article on the Genesis of the Sanctus does not conceal the author's favourite book-review method of composition. Certain foreign contributions belong to the category of the distinguished, among them that of the Catalan scholar Higini Anglès, who presumably wrote the German text of his article "on musical references in the works of Gregory the Great", and the Dutch musicologist J. Smits van Waesberghe, whose original was for some reason translated into German, where the effect and expense might conceivably have been used for an English version. As it stands, certain features present a stumbling-block to the reader who wishes to make use of the music examples. These are consigned to the end of the essay, and consist of one un-numbered example on page 66, and five numbered ones on pages 67-73. Unfortunately the three different sets of numbers beginning on page 67 (where the words *Pascha Nostra* should read *Pascha nostrum*) are insufficiently differentiated as regards type. The figure 1 at the top of the page refers to Music Example No. 1; the next batch of figures refers to column 4 of the *Tabelle* (pages 62-65); the remark "Ad.Nr.3" is presumably a note from author to editor, requesting that the title "Ankündigung . . ." should be placed above the relevant music example, not below it. The following series runs 1, 2, 3, 2; and the explanation is that the final 2 should appear as Music Example No. 2, just above the line "1. Primus scholae. . . ." Once this puzzle has been solved, the rest is easy.

The section dealing with opera offers some new and welcome material on byways and highways, beginning with a letter of Monteverdi concerning his intermezzo on the subject of Dido and Aeneas, performed at Parma in 1628, a good sixty years before Purcell's opera. Dragotin Cvetko of Ljubljana and Hellmut Federhofer of Mainz explore respectively the work of G. C. Bononcini and Vincenzo Righini, and what is called "absolute" music. Hans F. Redlich of Manchester, with sleuth-like acumen, perceives melodic resemblances between an aria in Spohr's *Faust* and the slow movement from a Mozart quintet, and Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*; but what all this has to do with Wagner is not made clear. Jack Westrup's contribution, devoted to the divergencies between editions of Bizet's *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, suffers a little from the jargon-note phraseology of "*fortissimo* snorts from the trombones", but is otherwise interesting. The one really valuable item in the essay, however, is Gerald Abraham's study of the operas of Alexander Serof, a little-known Russian composer whose three operas all fall within the stage date from 1851-71, and whose high time for a comprehensive study of the stage works of Serof.

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ALL THE WAY WITH J.F.K.

PIERRE SALINGER: *With Kennedy.* 391pp. Cape. 36s.

The brief reign of President Kennedy has already produced a formidable bibliography. On the one hand, there is what may be called the Dallas Industry. There is no reason to believe that this industry will ever have to shut down any more than the Lincoln and Dreyfus industries have had to shut down. On the other hand, there are the books that try to explain the character, the achievements, the failures, the aims of that "inheritor of unfulfilled renown", John Fitzgerald Kennedy. To this second class Mr. Pierre Salinger, Kennedy's Press Secretary, has made a useful, candid, entertaining, modest and most useful contribution. The title is significant of the accepted limitations of the book. Mr. Salinger was *with* Kennedy; he was not an important actor in the realms of high policy. His advice was asked either after the event on how to explain or explain away what had been done or to prepare, in advance, for the breaking of the news of what was to be done. It was an important role in which, usually, Mr. Salinger was successful (he does not conceal some failures), but this is a book of a witness and not always of a fully informed witness.

The office Mr. Salinger held has no precise British parallel. We have no presidential press conferences; we have Official Secrets Acts and D notices; we have a small number of newspapers and limited radio and television coverage. But in America the press, and its rival, television, are really a Fourth Estate. The Press Secretary is a very important *public* official. Here, no amount of publicity on television or in *Private Eye* can make the equivalent officer newsworthy, if only because there is no equivalent. So the choice Senator Kennedy made of Pierre Salinger as Press Secretary was a very important one.

Then Mr. Salinger had to succeed, as he confesses, a very remarkable Press Secretary indeed. Mr. James Hagerty. As Mr. Salinger tells us, Jim Hagerty was an actor as well as an observer and reporter; he helped to make policy as well as to expound or defend it. Then he had advantages in his background. He had the appearance and manner of a tough Mick and in his office, under a President like General Eisenhower, that was an advantage. He was a son of the *New York Times*, of which his father had been one of the ornaments. He had been Governor Dewey's Press Secretary before being transferred to General Eisenhower's campaign staff. His knowledge of the politics of Albany was a great help in the similar but more important politics of Washington. He might have said: "Nourri dans le sérail, j'en connais les détours." Mr. Salinger was more likely to quote Racine than Mr. Hagerty (he is bilingual), but even the fact that his grandfather had been deputy for Brest was not much help in the White House.

It was his consciousness of his limitations that made Mr. Salinger such a successful Press Secretary. The press knew that he was not "in" as Mr. Hagerty had been. Some commented rather sourly on his limited knowledge of Washington and his limited press experience. But he soon became a popular figure and an object of kindly interest to the American public. The stories that circulated about Mr. Salinger were not like those that had circulated about Mr. Hagerty, much admired as Mr. Hagerty had been and infinitely helpful as he was to his successor. It would be idle to ignore the fact that Mr. Salinger was and is fat and in him there was no thin man struggling to get out. The highly comic story of "Salinger's Folly" is told with great gusto and it illuminates Mr. Salinger and the Kennedy administration. Relying on a precedent set by Theodore Roosevelt, President Kennedy, a natural athlete terribly handicapped by his injuries, suggested that Marine Corps officers should show their fitness by marching fifty miles. With a terrifying sense of humour, the President suggested that his Press Secretary should walk, if not fifty miles, a very substantial distance along the canal. There were eminent Washingtonians who went in for the un-American activity of walking, such as Justice Douglas, but the thought of Pierre Salinger, who was not known to have ever walked farther than from the White House to the Hay-Adams House, walking with his colleagues along the canal was too terrible to contemplate. He wriggled out of it under the sardonically rejoicing eyes of the press corps. Attorney-General Robert Kennedy took his brother's challenge seriously and, of course, walked the fifty miles with the family mastery.

It was episodes like these, plus the famous cigars, the famous taste for real food (not what Americans call "gourmet meals") that made Mr. Salinger probably the most popular member of the White House staff. He did not diet, keep fit, worry about his waist line, consult an analyst. His tastes also qualify him to cut down to size the slander that Mrs. Kennedy lured away the French ambassador in London's cook (for this was the form that the legend took). But she *did* import a French cook into the White House (he is no longer employed there).

This social side of Mr. Salinger's duties was not a minor matter. Mrs. Kennedy was the most dazzling occupant of the White House since Dolly Madison. Her dealings with the press were politically important, if only because it was suspected that she did not care much for politics and, especially, for its compulsory social life. Congressional wives were not her idea of good company. She might think it a triumph to get Casals to play in the White House, but that did the administration no good "on the Hill" or in Podunk. Equally serious was Mrs. Kennedy's attempt to keep her private life private, to treat "the Mansion", the inner residential core of the White House complex, as a private house, not as a fish bowl. In this Mrs. Kennedy had some success. But she had none when she tried to keep the female reporters, the newshens, out of White House parties where they went about eavesdropping, taking notes, buttonholing guests, making a private party a public event. After what the Secretary of State called an "eyelash to eyelash" confrontation, Mrs. Kennedy had to surrender.

The White House is a court and in a court stories of this kind are not matters of no moment. But Mrs. Kennedy's difficulties with the press were a paradigm of her husband's. President Kennedy was much more at home with the press than his predecessor had been and his press conferences were more successful. But he annoyed the press by admitting television reporters, despite all the technical difficulties involved and the opportunities the operation gave to the camera hogs.

Yet a more serious problem, not yet solved, is the degree of permissible evasion which may be called for "in the national interest". The disaster of the Bay of Pigs, following on the lesser disaster of the U2 in 1960, accentuated press suspicion of "cover stories". So when the great Cuban crisis broke in 1962, the press and the administration were set on collision courses. It was as impossible to conceal the massive build-up at Norfolk (Va.) as it had been impossible to conceal the build-up at Portsmouth (Eng.) in 1956. It was discovered, belatedly, that not all congressmen called in for a highly confidential briefing can be trusted to pass up the publicity possibilities, as Representative Van Zandt (Rep. Penna.) proved. Yet some evasion *had* to be practised, since it was a basic principle of President Kennedy not to make the Russians lose face. This meant not permitting reporters on the blockading ships who might, among other things, report too gloatingly the discomfiture of "the Reds". An unfortunate slip by an important press officer gave rise to the charge of "news management" and perhaps the first crack that became the present "credibility gap". Impeached the Kennedy administration. The problem is a real one, as James "Scotty" Reston has recently argued in his Rede lectures. A government can think, sincerely, that "toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire" but no American reporter or "publisher", i.e. proprietor, can accept so crippling a principle.

Some of the confusion could, perhaps, have been avoided. Thus the American press was denied the use of the photographs of the missiles which had already been published in Europe. (We are told that "the military editor of the prestigious *Times* of London wrote a front-page story in which he called the pictures a complete fabrication". In fact the Defence Correspondent of *The Times* did no more than report that military experts in London were expressing some marginal doubts about whether the photographs really proved the presence of missiles). Mr. Salinger does not conceal his own errors or (more gently) the errors of others. He does not conceal the fact that President Kennedy more than once thought himself forced to "laver la tête" of his Press Secretary. Mr. Salinger does not exaggerate his role, but in his dealings with the Russians he played an important part which is more fully described here than it has been before. We learn of the secrecy in which the role of that most patriotic newsman, Mr. John A. Scali, was shrouded, for Mr. Scali with heroic abnegation sacrificed the greatest "exclusive" in modern American history to serve his country and peace. No Van Zandt he!

Mr. Salinger deals briefly with his political career in his native state of California. He was successfully attacked as a "carpetbagger". It was in vain that Mr. Salinger recalled (to himself) that his French grandfather hailed from the Territory of Belfort but yet represented Pressed. The takeover of California by Hollywood had, in Mr. Salinger, its first victim. In this world of "images" this most entertaining and honest book has a special worth; it is a valuable document for the inner history of the brief Kennedy spring.

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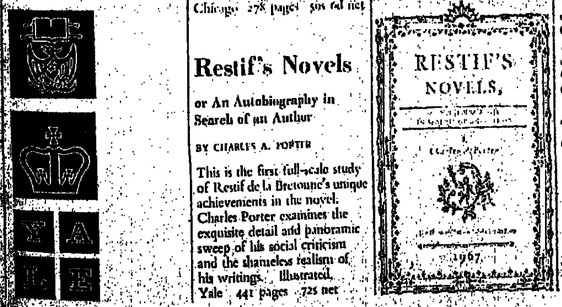
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This argument takes little account of the bull's hot blood, breeding and pride. It also ignores the relations between man and beast in the last third of the fight, to which all that has gone before has merely been a prelude: one man, one bull, with the man in constant danger. It is the net and trident, skill versus strength, except that the spectator knows that the man holds in his right hand a weapon with which, as a matter of duty, he must finally dispatch the bull. This does not make the development any less interesting: only the end is known, not the manner of its coming. The record shows the degree of danger; those who are for high drama and fair play can take what comfort they can find from the day in 1947 when *Manolete*, one of the greatest matadors of all time, met a bull named *Islero* of the famous Miura breed and the two ended a memorable encounter by killing each other simultaneously.

Many of the objections to bullfighting seem to spring from ignorance, and the ignorant can be divided into two groups. There are some who have never seen a bullfight but object on principle; there are others who claim vehemently that bullfighting is a sport (which it is not) that breaks all rules of fair play. Many of these, however, will attend a *corrida* not once but several times in fascinated loathing to prove that they are right. There are few peoples in the world which inflict so much pain on animals as the English, who yet profess to love those to which they are so cruel: and there is no people more vocal in its objection to bullfighting. Bring on the carted stag. Chase the fox which can, as vermin, be more humanely and expeditiously disposed of by shooting. Play a salmon, gaff it and lay it gasping on the river bank to die. As Richard Ford wrote in 1845: "we must not see a toro in Spanish eyes and wink at the fox in our own". The Portuguese know our hypocrisy very well, and their reason for not killing the bull in the ring is described by them as being *para o inglés ver*—to fool the English. The wounded bull is slaughtered behind the scenes afterwards when the knacker can find the time to get around to it.

The league of self-righteous antibodies—to call them mere busybodies would be far too flattering—orchestrates its shrill disapproval with obsessed *partipris*, on theory, in a resounding void of abstract misapprehension, the main trouble being that, even if constitutionally alien to the other fellow's relish, they are seldom immune from its poison. This is Mr. Marks's stricture.

If bullfighting is not a sport, what is it? Hemingway, when he published *Death in the Afternoon* in 1932, was the first writer to attempt a definition. He started from basic principles. "I suppose", he wrote, "from a modern moral point of view, that is, a Christian point of view, the whole bullfight is indefensible; there is certainly much cruelty, there is always danger, either sought or unlooked for, and there is always death, and I should not try to defend it now, only to tell honestly the things I have found true about it. . . ." And later: "So far, about morals. I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after and judged by these moral standards, which I do not defend, the bullfight is very moral because I feel very fine while it is going on and have a feeling of life and death and mortality and immortality, and after it is over I feel very sad but very fine." This is a typical Hemingway oversimplification, but it has a large grain of truth. There are few experiences which induce this feeling; war had much the same effect on Hemingway. In war there is — from the moment of advance to contact — a strange remoteness, suspending all thought of home, of ties, obligations, reservations, debts or love: in civil life the bulls can induce a similar sensation.

Except in the widest sense of the term . . . bullfighting is not by any means a sport. . . . It is an originally, essentially, typically Spanish institution. But no Spaniard has ever referred to *la fiesta nacional* as a sport or would imagine that its unfamiliarity among foreigners might beget such a misnomer. He considers it an art - *el arte del toreo*. . . . To judge the bullfight otherwise than by an artistic standard is to confuse fundamental issues. . . . Bullfighting is not a cruel sport, but a cruel method of achieving plastic beauty,

says Mr. Marks, and goes on:

[The] sacrifice is not contrived as an end in itself, but solely as a means to conjure up visions of movement and colour, and to excite the sublime tragic emotion which Aristotle defined as pity mixed with fear.

Hemingway sums up:

The aficionado, or lover of the bullfight, may be said, broadly, then, to be one who has this sense of the tragedy and ritual of the fight so that the minor aspects are not important except as they relate to the whole. Either you have this or you have not, just as without implying any comparison, you have or have not an ear for music. . . . As in all art the enjoyment increases with the knowledge of the art, but people will know the first time they go; if they go open-mindedly and only feel those things they actually feel and not the things they think they should feel, whether they will care for the bullfight or not.

* * *

The indigenous bull was hunted and played in some manner thousands of years ago, and the idea of the beast as the Spaniard's traditional enemy was certainly accepted by the time that Julius Caesar permitted the running of the bulls in Seville, in which he himself may have taken part. But the first fighting in an enclosed space seems to date from the early twelfth century. Later it became the pastime of aristocrats who played the bull on horseback and were undeterred by attempts by the Church to stop them for their own sake. Pizarro and the Duke of Medina Sidonia faced bulls in the arena. It was Philip V, the first Bourbon King of Spain, who finally succeeded, when he came to the throne in 1719, in extracting his courtiers from the ring. He thus laid the foundations of the modern *lidia* by leaving it in the hands of lackeys and peasants; they had no horses and could continue the matter on foot to their hearts' content. The first matador whose name survives was Francisco Romero, a carpenter from Ronda, who is credited with inventing the red flannel muleta. After him the names follow down the years: *Costillares, Pillo, Lagartijo*, Guerra, Gaona, *El Gallo*, Joselito and Belmonte—the golden age, Ortega, *Manolete, Bienvenida, Litri, Domingo* Ordóñez, the remaining two-thirds of the traditional Spanish *trio*.

Mr. Marks seems to be [illegible] on the Mexicans who, he [illegible] Spain face polite indifference, handicap of larger bulls than which they are accustomed [illegible] own country; if that is so, [illegible] advantages were triumphing. [illegible] come by Gaona, Armilita, *El Soldado*, Arruza, and [illegible] brave but vulgar *Conejo*, *Mejico* who died a fortnight *Manolete*, from the same [illegible] wound. It seems a pity to [illegible] as dominating the 1930s with [illegible] mention of Manuel Mejías [illegible] *nida*, the *Papa Blanco* of [illegible] who died in the following year, age of 26. Ortega always [illegible] like Don Bradman: he could [illegible] any bull to obey his wishes [illegible] the same way as Bradman [illegible] style, could despatch the [illegible] any part of the field at [illegible] both were equally tedious [illegible] But for all the tedium [illegible] record of engagements [illegible] his dominance still commands respect of the Spanish public.

* * *

Mr. Tynan remarks that [illegible] who writes about bullfighting [illegible] preaching to the converted [illegible] gins with a short introductory [illegible] ter describing the *terrible* [illegible] he mentions a number of [illegible] their Spanish names: the [illegible] necessary for a convert, he must leave a tyro bewildered. [illegible] published in 1955, this book [illegible] unaltered except for its [illegible] "afterthoughts", and indeed [illegible] not admit of alteration as [illegible] because it is a book [illegible] aficionado. It describes [illegible] which took place in the [illegible] three weeks during the [illegible] 1952. It was a dramatic [illegible] little *Litri* going from bad [illegible] in apparent indifference; [illegible] Ordóñez emerging, born [illegible] and about to eclipse his [illegible] law, *Domingín*. Al Pamplona [illegible] failed while Ordóñez [illegible] And the climax came at [illegible] when they appeared on the [illegible] for the first time and [illegible] downpour of rain. Soaked [illegible] less, they both triumphed [illegible] triumph of the young newcomer [illegible] the greater. Shortly after [illegible] though the two events [illegible] necessarily connected, [illegible] for the first of several [illegible]

Mr. Tynan's prose is a [illegible] read. There is some splendid [illegible] apart from descriptions of [illegible] fighting: the life of [illegible] example, and one superb [illegible] passage in which Mr. Tynan [illegible] off the stage a ponderous [illegible] "expert" who knows every [illegible] by his first name.

The illustrations in both [illegible] extremely good and some [illegible] are superb. Mr. Tynan's [illegible] right-handed natural by [illegible] how close a dedicated bull [illegible] bring a good bull; while [illegible] 9 (b) is beautiful and shows [illegible] matador practising today [illegible] gauging the angle to perfection [illegible] bringing the bull round [illegible] perfect veronica. Bull is [illegible] that Mr. Tynan will in future [illegible] suppress the awful *Afrodisiaco* [illegible] *Bull Fever*. The name [illegible] ugly and so bad that the [illegible] whoever he is, should be [illegible] spot by the President for [illegible] malfeasance.

As Mr. Marks says, the [illegible] appeals to the Spanish [illegible] an inalienable part of [illegible] tage, both in origin [illegible] ing . . ." and who are [illegible] interfere? It may be [illegible] "violence and valour at [illegible] tive and complex" but it [illegible] flourishes, and, within [illegible] of its tradition, it changes [illegible] Hemingway has written [illegible] context:

Let it all change. We'll [illegible] before it's changed too [illegible] deluge comes when we [illegible] rain in summers in the [illegible] will nest in the cathedral [illegible] and in La Granja where [illegible] with the cape on [illegible] paths between the [illegible] no difference if the [illegible]



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JOHN MARKS: *To The Bullfight Again*. 160pp. 32 plates. André Deutsch. 30s.
KENNETH TYNAN: *Bull Fever*. 169pp. Longmans. 25s.

OH YEAH?

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH (Editor): *The Liverpool Scene*. 79pp. Rapp and Carroll. 25s.

A "scene" in one sense is a socially undesirable revelation, an unwanted confrontation, a sheer embarrassment: not since John Lennon was admiringly compared with James Joyce has the cultural fog seemed quite so cunningly pervasive. Money burns a hole in the pocket of every new publisher, and no new publisher can be blamed for wanting to publish something new. But what is really being believed in here? With what telling lack of irony does the back cover spell out its puff from Allen Ginsberg? Liverpool is at the present moment the centre of the consciousness of the human universe"!? What ephemeral colour-supplement cachet is bestowed by the photographs and taped *mots*? What fake importance is suggested by the editorial presence of a pundit and entrepreneur? In format and apparatus this volume is smart and glossy. The poets appear in drooping moustaches, white clothes and dark glasses, but these merely emphasize the general mediocrity of the actual poems, which really needed some sort of roughness of presentation to conceal their insufficiencies. Many of them do have a lively humour or a genuine tenderness, but it is the humour and tenderness that one can often find in student periodicals of the better kind.

The claims of this "oral" poetry are not in themselves large. As one of the contributors himself puts it: "Poetic entertainment is not poetry, it's not sort of big enough, you know." Some of it is reminiscent of Philip O'Connor's Captain Busby poem; more of it is vaguely Corsoesque. There is a general air of being pleased with silly puns, and in subdued moments the diction of Tin Pan Alley is as suddenly obvious as a smell. Without trumpets, poems like these can charm. With this particular trumpet, their innocent immediacy and giggling accusations seem vaguely threatening.

HESITATIONS OF THE HUMAN

TED WALKER: *The Solitaries*. Poems 1964-5. 57pp. Cape. 18s. LESLIE NORRIS: *Finding Gold*. 59pp. P. J. KAVANAGH: *On the Way to the Depot*. 48pp. Chatto and Windus with the Hogarth Press. 15s. each. JUDITH WRIGHT: *The Other Half*. 51pp. Angus and Robertson. 18s.

The basic theme in Ted Walker's *The Solitaries* is one that underlies much recent nature and animal poetry: the continuing existence of violent forces in nature which our urban life obstinately overlooks. Such forces he regards with a mixture of nostalgia and fascinated horror. Man's own nature is seen as still somehow animal ("With Weasel"); the ferocity and energy of the creatures is continually stressed (as in "Heron" and "Ox"); and nature retains its power to terrify and outlast man ("On Scafell" and the fiercely economical "Clay").

But for Mr. Walker—and it is an important qualification—man still views this world from a safe standpoint of civilization, even respectability. The poet compares his most venturesome feelings with homing pigeons, he regrets the exchange of smashed crocuses for the "level lawn" of middle age, he feels that mules tethered in peacetime symbolize his own life more accurately than the army mules of wartime newsreels.

All this is honest, yet somehow limiting; but then he is also too propingly ambitious with large, portentous themes, where lucidity in the development of the argument suffers. There are sudden, striking precisions of observation: rain on a sandstone sundial makes "plumskins of wet/spreading". But there is also an air of contrivance about some aspects of theme and language: as in "Moths", where a simple, original idea is almost spoilt by the intrusion of an obligatory and irrelevant sense of menace. Perhaps his best effects are achieved where the observation is most gritty, exact and unpretentious, and where his unremarkable rhythmic pattern loosens up. Yet the combination of consistent seriousness and sensuous intelligence finally makes this a rewarding, if uneven, collection.

Leslie Norris's lyrical zest in *Finding Gold* too often leads him away from the core and essence of an experience into the routine, the slack and the sentimental. Good ideas get somehow muffled in facile, un-thought-out imagery and forced language (childhood is his most dangerously tempting theme); and the rather manufactured moral occasionally tacked on (as in "The Strong Man" and "Buzzard") rarely adds much. But where his eye focuses most directly on concrete detail, relating it coherently to a more original perception, there is hopeful sureness and control. "Gardening Gloves" and "Looking at Snowdrops" show a promise missing from poems which lack their unity and narrative purposefulness. "Aware of Death" and "Driving Home" sometimes diverge into a prolix exuberance of diction, but an uneasily questioning element holds the attention.

Whimsical and near-journalistic travel pieces, much casual and unsifted observation, and a few poems of raw, unmuted sadness make up P. J. Kavanagh's *On the Way to the Depot*. There are few local safe-isms, but also few local excitements: touches of mild profundity given to everyday experiences do not really transmute anything. The jottings of a likeable poetic personality, these are poems which mostly lack any crystallizing finality; though sometimes a group of pleasing details will coalesce into something nearly memorable ("Westwell, Oxfordshire") and the late Gunn-ish success of "Moving" may point to a more refined technique.

The latest collection by the Australian Judith Wright gives us her familiar, placid neo-Georgian atmosphere with all the expected alertness and integrity just below the surface. Many of her poems are touching in a gravely mild, almost ingenuous manner (see the lucid honesty behind apparent conventionalities in "Prayer" and "Turning Fifty"); though certainly not in their technical strength or obvious excitement. Less agreeable is the way in which the sharpness of individual phrases and images fails to hold out through whole poems, or even stanzas. Some of the conclusions (as in the title poem) are not worked for, others are disappointingly lame or religious. Yet at her best moments (in "Shakespin on a Gate", for example, despite an unfortunate last line) Miss Wright is both moving and penetrating in an unobtrusive way.

THE WILLIAMS GRAIN

M. L. ROSENTHAL (Editor): *The William Carlos Williams Reader*. 412pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 2s.

The American edition of this book, out last year, carried on its jacket a photograph of Williams frowning into the sun. Not at all the genial old man of the later pictures, but, from the set of the head to the corrugations of the unzipped windcheater, very much he who curtly replied to the protesting European in *The Great American Novel*: "As far as I have gone it is accurate". Williams was tough and tender—more than a bit sentimental in fact. Or perhaps Lawrence takes his measure more justly in that review of *In the American Grain* where he speaks of the need Williams intuited for "a supreme sensuous delicacy and at the same time an infinitely tempered resistance". That was the best Williams got for many a year in England. His appearance in Pound's *Active Anthology* brought from Lawrence's principal defender the observation that all this was fifteen years out of date, a too late reaction against "the wordy debility of Georgianism". Of course, that was a long time ago. But only the other day we were being told by a front-line critic about "Williams' poetry of red brick houses, suburban wives, cheerful standardized interiors". Williams earned the right to that frown.

At this point, Williams is decidedly "in" and, for good or ill, has replaced Eliot in the affections of younger readers. But one of the results of the long delay (the news that a British publisher would take his poems came two days after his death) seems to be the odd order in which we have so far had his works. As yet, although there is the *Collected Later Poems*, we have still to wait for the *Collected Early Poems*, and the same goes for his first substantial prose work, *In the American Grain*. Shall we ever see the whole of the even earlier *Great American Novel* or the fascinating prose accompaniment to *Spring and All*?

The tantalizing extracts from these printed by M. L. Rosenthal will more than whet a reader's appetite and exasperation. Professor Rosenthal has not had an easy job: there is so much to choose from. The poems here are justly representative. He has omitted the letters, but he gives us a wide-ranging look at the fiction and "other prose". Perhaps no choice could have been perfect. Here, there are no *Pictures from Brueghel* poems, only Book One of *Asphodel*, no *Desert Music*, merely the first scene of the first act from Williams's three-act play, *A Dream of Love*. This last—though the extract makes little sense on its own—is no real loss, for Williams's plays are among his more embarrassing productions. Perhaps the scene could have been left out altogether and then we could have had *The Destruction of Tenochtitlan* without which no selection from *In the American Grain* can be really adequate. But one's perhapses must not be allowed to cloud the fact that the appearance of a Williams reader is a decidedly happy occasion.

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THE EMPEROR'S STEPSON

CAROLA OMAN: *Napoleon's Viceroy.* Eugène de Beauharnais. 528pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 10s.

Eugène de Beauharnais was by no means the least important or least attractive of his stepfather's lieutenants, yet he has been oddly neglected by historians. One workmanlike study in German was the sole predecessor of the present full-length biography.

Miss Oman is excessively sparing in her references to modern scholars and does not, for instance, mention E. L. Knapton's excellent *Empress Josephine*, which her readers would certainly enjoy. But she does draw on an immense range of earlier historical work and printed contemporary sources and she has a sound judgment of their varied value as evidence. As a result she makes few mistakes and those that have slipped through are relatively trivial: Napoleon did not begin to sign himself with that name before the Empire; Rapp was never a marshal, and Madame la Maréchale Ney was not yet a widow in 1814. A more serious flaw in the book is the absence of good maps, at least of the Kingdom of Italy and the Russian campaign, which will be sorely felt by those not already well versed in the history of the period. The endpaper map of Europe in 1815 is not particularly relevant and is grossly inaccurate.

The portrait we are given is of a wholly upright man, a loyal son and brother, a devoted husband and father, a keeper of his word and of the path of duty and honour. He seems too good to be true; but Miss Oman does not overstate the case, and his moral excellence rather than his obedient role as the "perpetual apprentice" may be the real reason why Eugène often seems rather dull. Some of the decisions he had to make were not easy, particularly after Napoleon's divorce and after his father-in-law joined the Allies. But the few who criticized his conduct were palpably interested and he deservedly gained the respect and often the love of both friend and enemy. His great ambition was the throne of Italy, which Napoleon never gave him; yet he twice honourably refused it when it was offered by the Allies. He was a brave and capable, if hardly inspired, soldier, who fought gallantly during the retreat and whose services after the supreme command of the Grand Army devolved upon his shoulders deserve to be better known. He was also a builder and planter whose scale and taste lay nicely between those of his mother and her husband.

All these aspects of the man Miss Oman presents fully and vividly, though she seems a little more at ease—or at least clearer—on social than on military topics. But, in view of the title of her book, it is odd that she fails to mention the most important part of his career. As Viceroy of Italy from 1805 to 1813 Eugène had to grapple with a host of difficult political and administrative problems and it is here almost alone that he left any mark on later history. The fact that in this sphere Napoleon kept him on a tight rein does not make his work less important; it means only that the correspondence between them shows clearly what Eugène's problems were, while it also illuminates Napoleon's aims and methods. Some part of this correspondence is unpublished and widely scattered, but most of it is readily available. The omission detracts seriously from an otherwise useful and enjoyable study of a man who has become, through the present Consort, the ancestor of future generations of the British Royal Family.

Editori Laterza, Bari, have published a book of essays by Delio Cantimori *Conversando di storia*, in their series "Biblioteca di cultura moderna". The essays were written for the Genoese journal *Itinerari* between 1960 and 1964, and they deal with a wide range of historical topics, including the history of religion, which was Cantimori's subject.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

JAMES E. SHERIDAN: *Chinese Warlord.* The Career of Feng Yu-hsiang. 380pp. Stanford University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.

A foreign visitor to China in 1919 who came upon soldiers lustily singing "Stand up, stand up for Jesus" or "Onward, Christian soldiers" would naturally have chalked this up as a prize won by missionary endeavour in China. Since converts per capita had never shown much of a return for the missionary investment, a warlord Christian was really something. How could there be anything shallow or false about the soldier of Christ who trained his troops in this way? Besides the well-known evangelical hymns, the men could be heard singing "We must not drink or smoke" and "We must not gamble or visit whores"—both of them lyrics written by their commander, Feng Yü-hsiang.

Feng was the son of an illiterate peasant who had joined Li Hung-chang's Huai army in the 1870s. He was no fake. He was a determined and ambitious man who lived through the period of China's greatest confusion—a cultural confusion between Chinese tradition and the compelling magnetism of the West and a political confusion between the dying Ch'ing dynasty and China's fumbling attempts to evolve a substitute for the old imperial centre of authority. Mr. Sheridan has done a service in disentangling Feng's career from this muddled interregnum of China's modern history. It is not an easy task to pick out the Christian and the warlord and judge both; but Mr. Sheridan succeeds very well in presenting Feng's motives, some worthy and some less worthy, having aspirations, yet no less accepting the values of his day.

One could not pick on a more revealing figure than Feng through whom to illuminate what Mr. Sheridan suggests was the decade of pure warlordism—the ten years from Yuan Shih-k'ai's death in 1916 to the beginning of the Kuomintang's northern expedition. His study is especially good at one end of Feng's career, tracing his rise to power in the early republican period, and at the other end, in showing how Feng's political aspirations were not refined enough to face the challenge of Chiang Kai-shek.

Once he had acquired the label of the "Christian General", Feng's reputation became absurdly inflated in foreign circles. Not surprisingly, foreigners grasped at the straws of honesty and efficiency that came to the surface on China's murky waters. Later the denigration of Feng was scarcely less extreme. Feng was not unique among warlords, even in his moral fervour. He lacked the classical Chinese education of his opponent Wu Pei-fu; to the last he remained a peasant, unselfconsciously Confucian in his outlook. For all that, his Christianity was self-acquired, and up to a point sincere; but it was a doctrine to be put to use, not a faith that transformed Feng's life. To Feng its real purpose was to give a moral backing that would make good soldiers. Besides that, Mr. Sheridan shrewdly observes, it gave Feng a potentially advantageous link with the expanding political and military power of the West in China, but this was a calculated asset, not a move towards any western basis of thinking.

Feng was a genuine nationalist and a no less genuine warlord, accepting the struggle for power with all its unprincipled and devious shifts. He could talk with all honesty about the "people" while taxing peasants into penury like any other of his kind. He was not an oddity as a Christian. He would probably not have become a Christian at all had he been born ten years or so later. His stern moral code was not exceptional or un-Chinese: one sees the same zealous attachment in Mao Tse-tung, his junior by nine years.

After 1927 Feng's nationalism diluted his Christian spirit. He had reacted as strongly as any other Chinese to the May, 1925, incident in Shanghai, when police under British command fired on Chinese strikers. Thereafter his anti-imperialism matched anything to be found in the Kuomintang. It was not only Feng's shrewd judgment that made him come to terms with Chiang Kai-shek; he was progressive enough to want a unified China but not politically agile enough to find a place in it for the power he had built up in ... etc. Oddly enough, h... second wife, Li Te-chuan, ... cated and a Christian, ... to become Communist Co... Minister of Health—though... that she has not survived t... trinal rigours of the ... revolution.

Feng first made his name... as a pacification commis... Changte, Hunan province, ... was appointed military gov... Shensi in 1920 he was largely ... warlord career and quickly ... with the pattern of watchful ... direment and useful alliance... forgetting the control of ... revenues through which ... independence was maintained. ... of Feng's most dramatic mo... his coup in Peking in 1924 ... evicted the abdicated Pu Yi ... retired life in the Forbidden ... threw open at last the pa... "Great Within". The coup... not the eviction of Pu Yi... Sheridan shows to be ... Japanese sponsored.

Later, it was the Rus... took an interest in Feng; ... took over in the north-west. ... Eventually Feng had to l... Kuomintang, choosing Chi... shek rather than the Wuhan ... faction. The way in which ... managed and the final fai... illuminates Chiang Kai-s... way of doing things. Chiang ... lived too long in a warlord ... phere ever to see how a mo... should have been built. He ... his own ambition and the ... Chinese nationalism, Chi... rejected the techniques of ... ing factions; the factions ... quently survived, with their ... independence barely ... dented. The warlord ... went on, even surviving the ... Japan. It was left to Mao ... to clear up those who ... Finding them to be true ... the national bourgeoisie ... and emasculated them. By ... Feng had long since left ... dying in a shipboard fire ... Sen in 1948, on the eve of ... munist conquest.

IN SHINING ARMOUR

JOHN BROOKE-LITTLE: *Knights of the Middle Ages.* Their Armour and Coats of Arms. Illustrated by Mollo. XII plates. Hugh Evelyn. £4 4s.

Eight years ago Mr. Brooke-Little, Bluemantle, was closely concerned with the production of the quarto *The Colour of Heraldry*, published by the Heraldry Society, in which Mr. Gerald Cobb reconstructed in coloured plates, partly from Stothard's drawings, the armorial effigies of a number of knights and ladies from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. The book is still of great value for its accurate depiction of the development of armory—provided the reader is on his guard against taking the plates as literal representations of tombs actually surviving. Mr. John Mollo, under Mr. Brooke-Little's editorship in a folio volume, has now done the same kind of thing for a smaller number of knights (twelve in all), but on a grander scale and with enhanced magnificence of colour reproduction. At least as much attention is paid to the development of armour as of heraldic insignia, the evidence for both being in most cases brought together from different sources. That is to say, a blazon derived from a seal may be, quite legitimately, combined with details of armour preserved on a monument not of the actual bearer of the shield but of a contemporary. Some of the effigies, in consequence, seem a little too good to be true.

One of the most spectacular designs, that representing Sir Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, K.G., the Kingmaker, affords a good example of the method. The armour is based on his equestrian seal, which is said to have been taken from his dead body on Barnet field, and is now in the British Museum. The shield at his feet, showing only the saltire of Neville (differenced), and the helmet with the griffin crest of Salisbury on which his head rests, are from the same source. Over his armour the earl wears a tabard quartering seven of the most famous coats of post-feudal England, as they are marshalled on the heraldic seal of which a single impression survives, from a document dated 1465, at the height of his overweening power. (This is certainly a better authority than the even more elaborate banner shown in the Rows Roll.) Whether such a complex patchwork, repeated four times over on breast, back and sleeves, was ever worn in battle or tournament may be questioned; but it makes a splendid picture, and there is no doubt that such designs were used for posthumous display. A good example is Cotman's well-known drawing of the Blennerhassett brass, though that is sixty years later in date than Warwick's death. Indeed, Mr. Mollo throughout seems to owe a... the medieval brass-maker a... monumental sculptor ... dimensions.

The commentary across this imagined effigy contains Mr. Brooke-Little's own ... Richard Duke of York was ... Kingmaker's brother-in-law ... uncle by marriage. But in ... his biographical and heraldic ... are learned, simple and lucid. The series, admirably chosen ... low the changing fashions ... years, runs from William the ... to Richard III's rebel, ... Buckingham.

OVER THIRTY

S. H. STEINBERG: *The "Thirty Years War" and the Conflict for European Hegemony 1600-1660.* 128pp. Edward Arnold. 16s. (Paper 8s. 6d.)

Mr. Steinberg's short book in the Foundations of Modern History series is produced in the format of a textbook with small complicated maps and the index in minimal type. It belongs to the genre of "historical revisions" and is written in a somewhat controversial manner. No doubt considerable research has been done on the subject since Miss Wedgwood and Georges Pagès wrote their books before the war, but is it not unduly dismissive to speak of Miss Wedgwood's "narrow sentimental German view"? No one writing here in 1938 was sentimental about the Germans.

Briefly Mr. Steinberg's argument is this. The "Thirty Years War" is a misnomer like the "Wars of the Roses". The conflict was part of a larger European contest between the Great Powers. It was not primarily a religious war since at that time in Europe the French were to the Danes, and some of ... man Protestant princes ... loyal to the Emperor. The ... therefore a struggle for ... Secondly, Mr. Steinberg ... the consequences of the ... so far-reaching as used to ... posed. As a whole the ... economy was not damaged ... the population seriously reduced ... was cultural life interfered ... Tales of "cannibalism" ... nalistic myths as are lists of ... losses of population and ... the collapse of civilization ... of this war. But Mr. ... adopts the technique of ... ing arguments in order to ... down.

Librario Droz, Geneva, ... lished a second edition of ... Raton's *Le Lichénisme ... institutions.* It originally ... 1949. It traces the history ...

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TAVISTOCK PUBLICATIONS

GETTING AND SPENDING

JULES ABELS: *The Rockefeller Millions.* 386pp. Frederick Muller. 35s.
LUCIUS BEEBE: *The Big Spenders.* 404pp. Hutchinson. 50s.

Sixty years ago there were said to be three invincible forces in the world: the Vatican, the German army and Standard Oil. Today Standard Oil has been fragmented, the German army twice defeated and even the Vatican has shown signs of coming to terms with its competitors. Mr. Abels's book on the Rockefeller fortune is a useful guide to the least well-documented of the three, and is valuable in that it deals without partisanship with an emotive and at one time highly controversial subject. The author puts a minimum estimate of $4,000m. on the net worth of the Rockefeller fortune today; even 1 per cent of this would have made the mouths of Mr. Lucius Beebe's heroes water.

Oil was considered a nuisance in Ohio in the first half of the last century. It fouled the streams so the cattle could not drink, and when carried on to pastures it ruined the grazing land. In 1859, when Rockefeller was twenty years old and a rising young bookkeeper in a small merchandising business in Cleveland, the first oil-well was drilled not far from where he lived and worked. Oil was a get-rich-quick business; if a man did not double his capital in a year he was a failure, and this applied equally to producing and refining. Rockefeller's initial investment in oil was $4,000 in 1863. By 1868 he was a rich man with a large house, a distinguished wife and, surprising as it may sound, a stable of trotting horses.

His partner was an expert in refining, he himself did the dealing, the jobber was cut out and very soon he was making barrels too. It was easy combining with the refiners and by 1866 he had his own company in New York handling export sales. Mr. Abels comments: "Because Rockefeller was able to combine refiners and producers were unable to combine among themselves he earned their undying hatred." Later a competitor of his testified to the United States Industrial commission: "The milk in the coconut of the success of the Standard Oil Company is transportation." (Standard Oil was reorganized as a corporation in January, 1870, with a paid-up capital of $1m., which shows the rate of growth.) Originally oil was transported to the railroads, loaded on wagons and hauled there by crews of boy teamsters. These appear to have been about as savage a crew as even the present times could produce; they terrorized the countryside and they made more money than the well-owners. Of course they could not stand up to Rockefeller; the man with a notebook was more than a match for the ruffian with the black snake-whip. He sited his refineries beside the growing railroads and with a little judicious corruption he made his own terms with them. Not only did he collect a rebate on every barrel of oil he shipped, he inflicted a drawback on every barrel shipped by his competitors. It was the same story with the introduction of pipe lines; Standard's competitors simply could not live with the preferential rates the company enjoyed and the imposts with which they were burdened. The Standard Oil Trust was capitalized at a modest $70m. in 1882; by 1890 it was earning $20m. annually of which Rockefeller's share was a quarter, and all this before the influence of the automobile had begun to make itself felt.

The rest of the story has an element of bathos, although naturally not in financial terms. Rockefeller was the best hated man in the country, much of the antagonism to him coming from the oil producers he had taken over. Miss Ida M. Tarbell (a gentle, governess-y looking lady with a glint in her eye), who came from the oil regions, where her father had been a minor producer, was the bravest with her history of the Standard Oil Company published in 1904. In Rockefeller's face she found "craftiness, cruelty and something indefinably repulsive" and after further comment in the same vein ended her description: "It is the puffiness of this unclean flesh which repels as the thin slit of a mouth terrifies". All this was written immediately after Rockefeller had suffered from an attack of alopecia which made him lose all his hair. His grandson, Nelson Rockefeller, may have felt that any press persecution he in his turn was to suffer was trivial in comparison. The Trust was actually dissolved in 1911 after a seemingly endless series of legal battles. Rockefeller, who was financially accommodating to politicians, usually managed to avoid having to contribute to their campaign expenses. He made a disastrous exception in the case of Theodore Roosevelt, who pursued him as relentlessly as he in his turn had gobbled up the independent producers and refiners. Philanthropy on an unheard-of and still unrivalled scale was the only course left. The Rockefeller Foundation has changed the skyline of New York and perhaps done as much as lies with any individual family or group to improve the lot of man on earth.

This is not an ambition that those whom Mr. Beebe calls "The Big Spenders" would seem to have shared. Mr. Beebe was, in his lifetime, the most feared of the New York gossip-writers and he casts a malevolent eye from beyond the grave over a number of people who would have been his clients had he flourished in their heyday. As, like himself, they are dead, there is small fear of posthumous libel but the stale, sickly aroma of *déjà vu* pervades these pages. *The Big Spenders* is, however, a misleading title because the book deals mainly with American citizens in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and without going back to ancient history there are in Europe many examples of expenditure on a far more lavish scale than here detailed. Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian may not be greatly flattered to find himself included in these pages and, except for some minor eccentricities, he has done nothing to deserve this. Count Boni de Castellane, who, alone of all the characters mentioned in this book, did acquire highly enviable possessions, earns his place only because he did it with American money. Mr. Beebe's quoted sources are mainly books of gossip, and Thorstein Veblen, whose discovery of conspicuous expenditure is surely the inspiration of this work, does not even get a mention. Although there are plenty of anecdotes, there is really nothing new enough to arouse the enthusiasm of a May Day audience this side of the Iron Curtain. On the other hand, a Chinese edition might compete in popularity with the thoughts of Chairman Mao.

WICKED TORY

The Croker Papers 1808-1857. Edited by Bernard Pool. 277pp. Batsford. £2 10s.

From the civilized 1960s we find difficulty in recapturing the detestation and terror inspired a century and a half ago by the name of John Wilson Croker. If we could imagine a composite character compounded of Michael Fool, A. J. P. Taylor and Malcolm Muggeridge—improbably fighting against every change in politics or literature—we should have some faint idea of how Croker appeared to his opponents. "Wickedest of reviewers—with a malignant ulcer" (Harriet Martineau); "this ludicrous Irishman" (Mrs. Clarke the courtesan); "I detest him more than cold, boiled veal" (Macaulay). Reading this admirably chosen selection from his journals and correspondence and the comments of Mr. Pool we are conscious of two reasons for the loathing which Croker aroused.

The cause of conservatism (of which he is said to have invented the name) was at the time both disliked and dreaded. In the 1840s a precocious child voiced a feeling which was general when she said: "Pray, Mamma, do tell me are the Tories born wicked or do they become wicked afterwards?" Croker was not only a wicked Tory but he defended that cause with what his opponents regarded as Satanic brilliance. Keats was, of course, mortally wounded by Croker's notice of *Endymion* in the *Quarterly*, but in those days of anonymous reviewing most savage articles in that periodical were attributed to Croker—justifiably in the case of *Endymion* but wrongly in the case of Harriet Martineau which inspired the comment quoted above. The other explanation for the dislike of Croker is that when mankind is frightened, it is prone to focus its terror by magnifying the powers of an individual; the writings of Liberals for Joseph Chamberlain, of Conservatives for Lloyd George before 1914, and of the nation for the Kaiser are in point. Macaulay's nephew tells us that his uncle's disapprobation of Croker was "beyond control" and "beyond measure", and he goes on to say that his uncle's opinion was confirmed by the public identification of Croker with Rigby in *Coningsby*. Robert Blake, in his life of Disraeli, remarks that in fact there is no likeness at all between the two men. That is certainly the case.

There does not appear in his published diaries and letters anything to justify this detestation by most of his contemporaries except that with more fervour and more passion he would have echoed Melbourne—"Why not leave it alone?". Some of his papers were originally published some eighty years ago; they were edited by Louis Jennings, who was associated with *The Times* and was a Conservative member of Parliament. From the frontispiece to those three volumes (which depicts Croker as a kindlier Canning) to the last page there is concentrated political comment and political information from the inside, all of which is of the first importance. Jennings had, as he says, to deal with a vast jumble of papers—tax-receipts, begging letters and social trifles. He extracted what he thought made an unsurpassed "contribution to the history of our times" but rather surprisingly decided that there was insufficient for a formal biography. The original manuscripts are now in the United States.

The memoirs edited by Jennings have long been out of print and Mr. Pool, who shared with Croker a working life in the Admiralty, has produced a workmanlike compression of the text into a single volume. Possibly it only amounts to about one-sixth of the original edition, which was printed in very close type, but what is essential is all there. Naturally some decidedly enjoyable gossip has had to go, and we shall have to turn to Jennings for the rather curious explanation of Peel's conversion to Free Trade in 1846, which Croker explains as a long-meditated move to spite the Whigs and inspired in part by fear of the Corn Law League. Such omissions were dictated by space, and Mr. Pool's selection runs without jolts; indeed he has improved on Jennings by including the letters in their chronological place in the diary instead of lumping them together at the end of each section.

In the letter which marks the close of Croker's long friend-ship with Peel he closes "Very sincerely and affectionately yours, *Up to the altar*, J. W. Croker". Supposing that is correct—and Jennings abounds in mis-readings—it is not easy to say exactly what Croker had in mind. The words presumably represent the extreme Tory point of view about the fusion of church and state (*N.E.D.*, however, gives a seventeenth-century precedent for the phrase in the ending of a letter). In an earlier passage Croker writes to Southey and says:

> Do you remember my once saying to you that "Westminster Abbey was part of the British Constitution"? I do not mean the mere political connexion of Church and State; but that mixture of veneration and love, of enthusiasm and good taste; of public liberty and self-control, of pride of our ancestors and hopes for our posterity, which affects every patriot and Christian mind at the contemplation of that glorious system which unites in such beautiful association and such profitable combination our civil and ecclesiastical constitutions, our ambition and our faith. . . .

"Gibberish" would cry in unison the House of Commons and the Church Assembly. Croker's point of view is far removed from the 1960s but these are matters which those who profess to understand the politics of the nineteenth century can only neglect at their peril.

INDIAN QUEEN

SIR JOHN SMYTH: *The Rebellious Rani.* 223pp. Frederick Muller. 35s.

Sir John Smyth's reputation for elucidating military matters which in less skilful hands would prove dull or even boring is well deserved; this lively and interesting book will be read with pleasure by many who may well be attracted by the author rather than the subject. In relating the details of the campaign in central India which finally quenched the last embers of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857-58, the author has been able to bring into dramatic contrast the Indian Queen and the British General, each serving as a kind of embodiment of the opposing forces. They had two things in common; both the Rani of Jhansi and Sir Hugh Rose believed passionately in the justice of the causes for which they fought; both were endowed with military genius—the word is not too strong. The factor that finally tipped the scale against the Rani was that she was a woman: the prejudice against her sex hampered her at every turn. Not even her masterly grasp of the strategy and tactics needed to contain—or possibly to defeat—the equally brilliant Sir Hugh Rose, labouring as he was under fearful handicaps of climatic conditions and paucity of forces, sufficed to ensure that her advice was followed and her plans executed by the officers and men on her own side. Her death in battle was the only thing that saved her from the humiliation of final defeat.

One difficulty of writing about the Rani of Jhansi and Sir John Smyth's predecessors have found themselves as much hampered as he is—is that so little is known about her. We do not know with any certainty the details of her family or of her upbringing; we do not know her age at the time when she played so great a part in the drama of history; we do not know what if any responsibility rests upon her for the massacre of helpless men, women and children, numbering respectively thirty, sixteen and twenty, European and Eurasian, who lay at her mercy on June 7, 1857. We know only that she was a Maratha princess with all the force of character associated with the women of her race, who conceived the idea that the British were treating her with injustice so flagrant that it imposed upon her the obligation of resistance to the death. The author has done his best with the material available to him; under his pen the Rani emerges as a human figure, and not either as a cruel fiend or as a disinterested patriot. Even so, she remains largely unknowable.

Although the campaign itself and the engagements which enabled Sir Hugh Rose to bring it to a triumphant conclusion are related in masterly fashion, it is perhaps a pity that more care has not been taken to explain exactly what the grievance was which drove the Rani to desperation. The cancellation of the adoption executed without formal permission by the Rani's deceased husband turned on the fact that Jhansi State was quite a recent creation, subordinated to the Peshwa, and later to the British. It had no real roots in history, and little title to permanence. Somewhat naturally, the Rani could never grasp the point, and considered herself the victim of unwarrantable oppression.

WHIG LADY

MARGARET CROPPER and WILLIAM BARNES: *Mildred Buxton.* Orpington Press. 25s. 168pp.

Lady Buxton was one of those personalities who are influential in their generation with influence resting on character, and who are perhaps most difficult to portray for those who come afterwards. Miss Margaret Cropper and Mr. Barnes in their memoir have made a notable success of their undertaking largely by allowing their subject to speak for herself. Lady Buxton married Sydney Buxton—the Liberal Cabinet Minister and Governor-General of South Africa—as his second wife. Some of the best parts of the book are her letters from South Africa between 1914 and 1920. Politically she shows the independence of outlook of the true Whig and this becomes very marked with the decline of the Liberal Party after the first war. She disapproved of her husband's successor in South Africa who was a royal personage; she wrote, "it makes people think a G. G. is only for show". She comments amusingly on the inter-war archbishops whom she saw at the marriage of the Princess Royal —"Randall Davidson entirely unself-conscious; 'Popey' Lang conscious of being a prelate". 1922 was for her—and indeed for many another—the *annus mirabilis*—"Lloyd George dethroned, Northcliffe dead, *The Times* in reputable hands, Buttomley in prison and the Coalition broken up—I hope this unhappy country may look up a little". But alas! the evils which exasperated this shrewd and delightful partisan were not the creators of that deep-seated mischief in the state which she deplored; they were the symptoms.

DORIS LESLIE

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WILLIAM HEINEMANN

WAITING FOR BRITAIN

"OF ALL THE possibilities feared by the Reich, that of an entente between Britain and France creates the greatest alarm. It is because no such entente exists that M. Hitler made his coup on March 7", wrote the French Ambassador in Berlin, in April, 1936. He added:

If the Rhineland crisis were to lead to closer relations between France, Belgium and Britain, or to a rebuilding of the Stresa front, or to a more profound isolation of Germany, then Hitler would be blamed, more or less openly, by those who are now acclaiming him. But if, on the contrary, Hitler succeeds in his project, then it will be France who has suffered failure.

Thus, in the view of M. François-Poncet, one of France's shrewdest diplomatic observers, a "was by no means over after the initial Anglo-French failure to resort to immediate reprisals for Hitler's breach of the Locarno Treaty on March 7. There was still the chance to prick the bubble of Nazi successes. The same view came from Belgium: "The compensation for the reoccupation of the Rhineland, perhaps even for its refortification, would be Anglo-French military accords", said M. van Zeeland. These hopes were shared by many of the small states of central and eastern Europe who had followed Britain's lead into sanctions against Mussolini and were still clinging to the tattered remnants of collective security. Europe awaited her St. George. But, alas, the Saint was being agonizingly slow in buckling on his armour and still showed a disquieting propensity to parley with the dragon.

Waiting for Britain is the underlying theme of the second volume of the series of French diplomatic documents dealing with the immediate origins of the Second World War. It covers what might be termed the second phase of the Rhineland crisis, and opens on a note of resolution. The British Government, after a week of hesitations, had finally decided to dispatch the promised letter reaffirming their Locarno guarantees to Belgium and France, without waiting for the outcome of negotiations with Hitler, and to reinforce this action by holding Staff talks at once. The prospect of Staff talks led Hitler to produce a further, and still more grandiose, peace plan. To this verbal warfare the French Government replied by producing their own peace plan, while the British attempted to extract from Hitler specific replies about his intentions; but, by the time the volume ends, on July 18, 1936, the resolution of the western democracies was already weakening. For all Hitler had not answered their questionnaire, the British were pressing to include Germany in the negotiations held between the Locarno Powers, while the outbreak of civil war in Spain was about to give a new, unforeseen twist to events.

As in the preceding volume in this series (reviewed in the *TLS* on November 14, 1963), the editors have not confined themselves to strictly "diplomatic" documents, but have included relevant records from other departments also. Specially valuable are the military papers, for they add an element of realism such as diplomatic papers seen in isolation could not give. Once again the devoted skill with which the severely mutilated French archives have been pieced together compels our admiration. True there are gaps; documents given a very restricted circulation are those most likely to be lost for good, while they are also apt to be those which might do most to elucidate the process of policy making, but the reader is not conscious of any serious interruptions in the narrative. The whole volume presents a wonderfully vivid picture of the plight of the democracies (and not only the French), confronted with totalitarian ruthlessness yet shrinking, as any democracy must, from resort to preventive war.

It was, as these records show, Hitler himself who bid fair to capsize his own success by provoking a fresh bout of tension. He proved bent on refortifying the demilitarized zone and rebuffed all British appeals to delay, even for a few weeks, so as to allow for negotiations on a new western security pact.

Refortification was something very different from his original claim that he was merely "restoring German sovereignty" by peacefully moving in a few detachments of troops. No amount of peace plans could equate fortification with peaceful intentions. It also involved a second breach of the Locarno Treaty at a time when the League Council had just condemned Germany's first breach. But this was a point on which it seemed to the French unwise to insist too much with the British, for fear of being accused of "legal quibbles". It was no use, advised the French Ambassador in London, "expecting the British to do a piece of critical analysis" on the German peace plans; what registered with them was the idea of peace. "In British public opinion there is still a great will towards illusion and optimism. There is also the idea that if people can only be got to sit round a table things can always be fixed up" (an idea which, alas, we can recognize as persisting till the time of Munich). The British Government were more realistic, but "a bit paralysed" by public opinion. We can see the consequences of this "paralysis" in the records of the Staff Talks. The British representatives were permitted to discuss how to transport a British expeditionary force to the Continent but not what to do with it once it got there. Not surprisingly the outcome of the Talks seemed to the French "rather thin". But their value must lie in the fact of their having been held at all, since once started they might, perhaps, be allowed to go on. There was also the moral impression that could be made in Berlin. Even so the French felt it necessary to ask Vansittart not to let the Staff Talks be played down to the Germans. Similarly, the British proved difficult to pin down over their Questionnaire, which the French would have liked, but were not able, to see in advance. Even after the Blum Government had come to power and brought a new sense of cordiality into Anglo-French relations, the British still seemed rather elusive partners. But, tempting as it is to linger over these records of Anglo-French exchanges, this volume is still more valuable for what it does to illuminate France's security system and relations with her allies in eastern and central Europe.

No French politician or diplomat on record in this volume seems (unlike some of their British counterparts) to have had any illusions about Hitler's expansionist ambitions. Nor was there any doubt about the implications of a refortified Rhineland zone for the French security system. But how to call a halt without resort to war? The dilemma emerges clearly in the record of a meeting between French Ministers and Service representatives on April 5. Once again the Service representatives were more "prudent" than the civilians; their view on sanctions (like Sir Samuel Hoare's four months earlier) was: "Any act of coercion against a strong power (blockade, seizure of commercial shipping) means war." As to the question of what France could do, it confronted with "impregnable fortifications" in the Rhineland, General Gamelin considered that "one could, if one has allies", mount operations similar to those at Salonika during the Great War. "But for that one must be free in the Mediterranean."

At that time there were solid reasons behind this view. French military plans for the defence of central Europe, particularly Austria, had been carefully made. They were based on the Franco-Italian military and air cooperation agreed upon in the Gamelin-Badoglio accords of May and June, 1935, which supplemented the earlier Franco-Italian political accords. The military arrangements were entirely dependent on the political agreements. Hence the need to get Mussolini back into the camp of the Locarno powers became all the greater after Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland, though this was only imperfectly understood in Britain at that time. Much of the earlier part of this volume is taken up with the repeated French attempts to induce Mussolini to adopt some solution of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict that would maintain the authority of the League of Nations and preserve the principles of collective security on which all French policy was based. The French were well aware that Mussolini was already engaged in some more or less covert flirtation with Hitler, though whether this was bluff or not they did not know. The discovery that high ranking Italian air force officers were on a private visit to Berlin seemed more ominous than the public to-ing and fro-ing of eminent persons between Rome and Berlin. When, in May, Mussolini proclaimed the outright annexation of Abyssinia, it still seemed possible to hope that he was acting under "the intoxication of unexpected victories" and would presently return to a more sober view. In French eyes the touchstone of his intentions was Austria. There had at first been fears that Schuschnigg, faced with mounting Nazi pressure and the failure of the Great Powers to create a Danubian security pact, might yet resort to a Habsburg restoration as the only way to avoid an *Anschluss*. This would have meant sowing still further dissension in central Europe among the smaller states whom France was trying to bring together. The Little Entente were more resolutely opposed to "Habsburg" than "Anschluss", while President Benes optimistically refused to believe in either. But when, after Mussolini's Abyssinian victories, Schuschnigg told the French Ambassador that he was negotiating an Austro-German *modus vivendi* with Hitler's envoy Papen, it began to seem all too probable that Mussolini had bargained away Austrian independence for the sake of his dictator's ambitions in Africa, as Vatican observers had long suspected. Though Schuschnigg kept the French informed, more or less, of his negotiations, the Austro-German agreement came as a shock. French views were epitomized in a remark which François-Poncet attributed to Goebbels: "Though it is not yet the *Anschluss*, it is something analogous."

A more insidious menace than that of overt military aggression was seen to lie in the German economic penetration into central and south-eastern Europe and the trade drive [illegible] ted with the travels of Dr. [illegible] mann, taking advantage of the [illegible] mic disarray caused by [illegible] were bartering arms for raw [illegible] German weapons were a [illegible] extending German influence [illegible] Franco-Polish military conv[illegible] 1921 could be undermined; [illegible] French aid to re-equip [illegible] forces the Poles might be [illegible] to accept German weapons [illegible] ment of frozen debts in [illegible] The Polish Army were undo[illegible] still faithful to the French [illegible] though tardy in revising the [illegible] convention. The policy [illegible] Colonel Beck, who was pur[illegible] old policy of friendship with [illegible] more irresponsibly than before [illegible] behaviour over Danzig was [illegible] larly disquieting. The French [illegible] aware that Hitler and the Nazi [illegible] bases, by-passing the [illegible] Foreign Office, were behind [illegible] zig Nazis in their collision [illegible] League. Nor could there [illegible] any doubt that Beck was [illegible] at these manoeuvres, for all [illegible] owed her very existence [illegible] League". While Beck was [illegible] of Polish foreign policy [illegible] pects of bringing Poland and [illegible] Slovakia together were [illegible] ever. "A coherent system [illegible] must presuppose that one [illegible] also allies with one another" [illegible] M. Bargeton, the Political [illegible] at the French Foreign Office. France's allies certainly were [illegible]

The friction between the [illegible] Czechoslovaks was the more [illegible] because the French also [illegible] understanding with Czecho[illegible] This was not, it seems, in [illegible] of a convention (as in the [illegible] Poland); cooperation [illegible] through the French Military [illegible] in Prague. Of all France's [illegible] "allies", only with these [illegible] states were treaties of conciliation [illegible] friendship backed by the [illegible] stance of military arrange[illegible] Czechoslovakia was France's [illegible] pendable ally, a pillar of the [illegible] of Nations, and thus all the [illegible] attract a German attack. Hitler's [illegible] cess in the Rhineland had [illegible] the Sudeten Germans in Czecho[illegible] vakia, as it had most Germans [illegible] ties in Europe, but, in Benes's [illegible] "The German Government's [illegible] grievance against us, their sole [illegible] for attack is that we have [illegible] with France and Russia." The [illegible] ness in this position was that [illegible] France nor Czechoslovakia [illegible] we learn from this volume, read [illegible] their pacts with Russia with [illegible] Talks. The Czechoslovak General Staff were waiting for the French General Staff to begin. The French Soviet Pact—that terrible Bolshevik threat which Hitler had used as a pretext for invading the Rhineland—was only a paper bear[illegible]

The remilitarization of the Rhineland completed the demolition of the disarmament and security provisions of Versailles. The First Series of the French documents began with the first breach made in that system, the abolition of Reparations at the Lausanne Conference in July, 1932. Neither this nor subsequent concessions wrung by Britain from a reluctant France did anything to stem the rising tide of nationalism in Germany, as we can see from the report of admirably perceptive despatches sent by the French Embassy in Berlin. Nor was the very personal style of diplomacy conducted by Ramsay MacDonald particularly helpful. "You may shake your shaggy head at this, but it is the idealism which has carried us through so far, for which neither you nor I have any countries, dare abandon at this present", runs one of his letters to Hitler in response to a warning that what the Germans wanted was to wreck the League. The advent of Hitler rendered the more difficult M. de Jouvenel's mission to compose Franco-Italian differences; Mussolini was toying with plans for revising the Polish Corridor and Hungary's frontiers. He was delighted with a British proposal for a Four-Power action to reconcile French and German views, with Britain to manage France, and France Germany. For, instead of the Four-Power Directorate of Europe which he had thought of himself, "Italy will move a stage higher. . . . will be the Power Directorate . . . will be commanded by a Two-Power one", wrote the French Ambassador. The second volume ends with the start of negotiations on this odd project.

Besides Europe, these volumes contain much of interest on the Far Eastern crisis [illegible]

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THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

Thursday April 13 1967

CENTRAL 2000

GRAND OLD TOURIST

One of the casualties of the postwar era has been the concept of the cosmopolitan. The "citizen of the world" is distrusted by a generation which glories in its insularity. Advertising confuses the genuine cosmopolitan with the privileged consumer for whom everything is made easy. The man most widely envied is not the one who sees the seasons round in some distant capital, but the television interviewer who has been there for eighteen hours at a time. It is "out" to linger, "in" to drop by between planes with a schedule already overfull.

This being so, it is difficult to think of anything less called-for, in the short run, than the Société des Amis de Valery Larbaud, which lately called a conference in Vichy and intends to award an annual prize for a book written in a spirit akin to Larbaud's own. In England, societies of this sort are few and inactive, and a writer of Larbaud's stature would be unlikely to be commemorated. We cannot imagine an L. H. Myers Society, or a "Friends of Arthur Machen": even the Maximillan Society has gone drowsy. But Larbaud should still count for something, and it could even be that a young English writer should put in for the Prize.

During much of his life, which began in 1881 and ended in 1957, Larbaud was too ill to take an active part in the stately *contre-danses* of the French literary world; but he never lost the nucleus of discerning admirers which he had gained before 1914 on the strength, above all, of the figure of the arch-cosmopolitan A. O. Barnabooth, whom he had invented as his alter ego. Larbaud had grown up as a rich, invalidish and much-indulged young man, familiar from infancy with the turn-of-the-century Grand Hotel. The mere sight of well-made luggage was enough to set his imagination on fire. He spoke several European languages to near-perfection and for years kept his diaries in English. From the age of sixteen he never missed an opportunity of travelling abroad, and by his middle twenties he was what he had dreamed of being: a man who had read everything and been everywhere.

He might have become a mere moneyed idler, but in point of fact he put his mind to work wherever he went. England, in particular, established over the young Larbaud an ascendancy in which we can take, even today, a certain pride. (The name of Barnabooth was an amalgam of Barnes, a quarter of London which fascinated Larbaud, and the name of our foremost chain-store pharmacy.) As translator of Coleridge, Landor, Whitman and Samuel Butler, Larbaud had a lasting effect upon French taste. And although Barnabooth himself is now interesting above all for the vast amount of period detail which Larbaud packed into his imaginary journals, it must be said that very few English novelists could better the affectionate portraits of London which figure in *Amants, Heureux Amants*. Larbaud had the whole world to choose from, but he genuinely did rank "the first sight of an L.C.C. tram" among the sensations which made up "one of the greatest joys in life" (a return to England on the first day in May). He had, also, an unforced passion for English literature: *Amants, Heureux Amants* is dedicated to "James Joyce, my friend, and the only begetter of the form I have adopted in this piece of writing", and this dedication is the more remarkable for the date, November, 1921, which goes with it. A phrase from Logan Pearsall Smith about "the unpunished vice of reading" provided the title for Larbaud's collected essays on English literature, and he was a good fifty years ahead of most of his French colleagues in prizing the rampant sexuality of the English teenage girl: "daydreaming and bed", he noted, "are all that they are capable of".

Nothing is more difficult, in reality, than to understand countries other than one's own, and Larbaud was not without his share of howlers. In 1919, for instance, he forecast that in fifty years' time Spain would stand out as the intact repository of a civilization "older, richer, greater, than English civilization". It is more rewarding, certainly, and a better memorial to Larbaud, to remember his snap description of Bristol as "Seville's poor rival, a Seville for pirates".) But the point is that Larbaud had an out-going, unhurrying, unstandardized approach to foreign countries. Veteran of a passport-less Europe, he took things at his own valuation: he saw the Isle of Man as millenary Mona, a place of infinite wonder in which to escape the commercialized pomps of King George V's coronation. He was at the farthest imaginable remove from the shoddy knowingness which is today's substitute for cosmopolitanism. He was not himself a writer of driving imaginative power, but there can be no doubt which of the two attitudes is the more auspicious for a novelist.

For this reason it would be an encouraging thing if the Prix Valery Larbaud were one day to go to a young English writer. Nothing would have pleased Larbaud more, to begin with, than the idea that his vagrant curiosity, his freedom from prejudice, and his insistence on seeing the world at first hand had been taken over by a later generation. The 1930s were a good time in this country for the *roman Labbaldien: Vemesberg* and *Goodbye to Berlin* would have walked off with the prize. Since the war, by contrast, the spirit pioneered by *Scott-King's Modern Europe* has gained ground all the time. It is a tendency overdue for reversal.

Letters to the Editor

ILL DONNE: WELL DONNE

Sir,—Many must wish to endorse your reviewer's praise (April 6) of Professor Gardner's edition, and exposure of "para-scholarship", while wishing at the same time to reject his account of the present state of English studies. The "only remarkable feature" of recent productions of para-scholarship is certainly not "that they are new". Over the past twenty years, perhaps their most conspicuous feature has been a decent refurbishing and extension of familiar routines, worn-out half-truths, and *idées reçues*. (Your reviewer's examples serve well in illustration.) More important, since this more affects the future, the field of "English literature or all of it that matters" has most certainly not been "so thoroughly worked over that it is almost exhausted". The present state of English studies is better revealed by your review on page 285 of the same issue, where it is pointed out that we have only now begun to obtain a reputable (much less, reputably annotated) text of our greatest novelist.

Even in the field of verse editions, we are (so far as I know) without adequately annotated texts of Coleridge, Byron, Shelley or Keats, and without scholarly texts of any kind of Cowper, Crabbe, Scott, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Swinburne or Hardy. If this is the situation with regard to textual studies, there is no more to be said. But, more generally, perhaps I may mention my own experience, which has been that even in a few favoured cases as soon as one begins any serious investigation, the area of what has been half done, or left undone, or left undone for sixty years or so, turns out to be astonishingly large.

Whatever may perhaps hold good elsewhere, that desire for an academic appointment, or for promotion, or "to hold one's own", necessitates constant "productivity", is in Britain not the case. If "para-scholarship" occurs amongst us (your reviewer's examples come from abroad), it must be attributed at least in part to such matters as the following:

(1) Most arts doctoral subjects are in effect located and selected by final-year undergraduates, when they apply for acceptance as research students.

(2) In consequence of that, they are necessarily supervised by teachers whose own main research interests have always lain, or now lie, elsewhere.

(3) It is not difficult, at the present time, for a teacher's "main research interest" to disappear altogether: not simply through pressure of administration, constant reform, and undergraduate teaching; but more subtly and profoundly through the working of the whole dominant conception of what the university arts teacher should be: not primarily a scholar and researcher at all, but an educator cooperating in a non-specialist, large-scale, socially advantageous enterprise.

Needless to say, there are the strongest arguments in favour of such a conception, at least at the present time. But naturally, too, it does something to encourage the less arduous, or the less deeply thought out and original, kinds of scholarship.

JOHN HOLLOWAY.
Reader in Modern English.
Cambridge.

PUBLIC LENDING RIGHT

Sir,—May I, as a member of the Arts Council Working Party responsible for drafting the new proposals, reply to the letters from Messrs. Paul Scott, A. K. M. F. Alam and C. H. Norman in your issue of April 6? Although different points were raised by these correspondents, the answer is the same in each case and it is quite simple—payment for use. A royalty on public lending is the just and proper way of recompensing authors and publishers for the use of their books in this manner. At present 500 million issues are made each year by public libraries, whose purchases represent only 10 per cent of the home sales of books—small buying, large lending. As a result the producers of books are deprived of any proportionate return from the chief medium by which their products reach the public. At the same time the proposals recommend retaining the free library service (since this is desired by the Government), and adopting a variant of the Danish and Swedish system (referred to in Mr. Alan White's letter) which will not involve unreasonable administrative effort by public librarians.

VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER.
Planning Officer, The Society of Authors, 84 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10.

COUNSELS FOR DEFENCE

Sir,—The front reviewer of your issue of March 30 leads off with a strange ad hominem argument against the signatories of a letter in *The Times*, of whom I was one. He maintains that one cannot support the Americans in Vietnam, as we did ("unequivocally" rather than as he puts it "unconditionally") without being exceptionally inexperienced in war. In fact, of those of us too young for the last war, one had his house blown up around him by aerial bombardment, and another served in later years in a gruelling and vicious guerrilla campaign—both experiences with some relevance. As to the half of us who did see active service, for all I know, the record of all may be as undistinguished as my own. Still, to have seen even a few men killed, even a few villages under fire, to have been shot at even a little, are surely qualifications at least no lower than the average prevailing among those taking other views of Vietnam; and even if your contributor has himself as much military experience as Generals Giap and Westmoreland combined (a point on which we shall never, under your controversial ground rules, be certain) he might decently concede as much. But further, though the point applies ill to ourselves, I fear that if it is not repudiated not merely in this particular case but in principle it will severely limit debate: the great bulk of supporters of the Vietcong Lobby are, from age, sex, or disinclination, lacking in *any* experience of war, and one would not wish them to be disqualified simply on that account.

On the other side of the coin, may I, in my own case, cite an experience just as relevant, and one perhaps not shared by your reviewer; the forcing, over a period of years, of a life-type totalitarianism upon a people I know and whose language I speak. More generally, it is peculiarly vapid to charge us with ignorance of the issues. Though that was not our point, it chances that half of us are recognized writers on relevant political and military themes, (while of the ten intellectuals dismissed up to retort to us in a barely noticed letter in *The Times* some days later, not one could be so described). It is not irrelevant, indeed, to the purely military point that one of our number (Mr. David Rees) is the author of a classic work on the Korean War—whose chapter on the Germ War-fare hoax, incidentally, deserves study by those whose credulity in the face of the current sequel we were deploring.

For our purpose (as I understand it) was simply to make it clear that the huge propaganda barrage in the other sense had not had the effect sometimes supposed; that what your reviewer calls on "ill-assorted"—that is a random—group of intellectuals endorse the American case. Even politically we do indeed represent a whole spectrum of democratic opinion, from a leading conservative writer to a well-known radical journalist. This is the classical cross-section of those who have, over the past thirty years, opposed successive varieties of the same threat.

Like every other critic of our point of view, neutralist, pro-Communist or undecided, your reviewer warmly congratulates himself on the ethical splendour of his position. Though one would not wish to compete in such an exercise, it should be obvious that we too feel our opinion to be the one arising from a true regard to moral and ethical responsibility. Attempts to prove us stupid or wicked are at any rate not likely to succeed if conducted by your reviewer's methods.

ROBERT CONQUEST.
4 York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, S.W.11.

MRS. GASKELL

Sir,—The letter from Mary Lutyens in your issue of April 6 throws some interesting light on Ellie Gray's attitude towards my maternal grandfather, William Kelly McLeod, but leaves me unconvinced.

My mother would certainly not have said that her father had been unofficially engaged (not "secretly engaged" as Mary Lutyens says) to Effie if this had been untrue. It may have been no more than an "understanding" between them, but that is rather splitting hairs. What led her to tell me of this was that I had been talking to her about Effie's brother Melville Gray, a nonagenarian whom I had met a week or two earlier (he died some years later at the ripe old age of 98). This had also led her to mention that another of Effie's younger brothers, John Gray, had proposed to herself, but that, as she was still a young girl at the time, the proposal had not been accepted and John went out to Australia soon after.

The letter of September 28, 1852 quoted by Mary Lutyens as evidence against my mother's statement is not wholly convincing, as it is open to more interpretations than one. Its rather spiteful tone would seem to indicate that Willie McLeod's subsequent engagement to an Irish girl had been a blow to Effie's *amour propre*. Her somewhat contemptuous reference to these Irish women, and to William's mother is surely an indication of petty spite. "Had he had a more sensible Mother of his own", Effie says peevishly, "he would have looked out more sensibly for a wife". But what was wrong with this Irish girl or with William's mother? The former was Mary Bird, whose father held estates in Bantry and had four sons serving as officers in the armed services; quite a good choice as a wife, one would have imagined. As for William's mother, old family letters in my possession indicate that she was a woman of character and good sense. She was a daughter of Dr. Kelty of Perth, a highly esteemed physician of his day; and the fact that, among my McLeod cousins of the present day, no less than seven have Kelty among their given names is surely a tribute to old Dr. Kelty and his daughter, William Kelty McLeod's mother.

Without much stretch of the imagination, this letter of Effie's might well imply that William's mother, being a sensible woman, had discouraged her son from becoming formally engaged while he was still a junior subaltern and that Effie had never forgiven her for it. This, of course, is pure surmise; but, in the circumstances, I hope Mary Lutyens will forgive me for suggesting that it seems just as feasible as the conclusion which she herself has drawn.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY.
Inverurr, Kippford by Dalbeattie, Kirkeudbrightshire.

CHRONICLER OF CARLINGFORD

Sir,—May I endorse your reviewer's happily inspired plea (March 16, 1967), in commenting on Vinera and Robert A. Colby's new study of Mrs. Oliphant, for a fresh edition of some of her books, especially the Chronicles of Carlingford? I would add to his titles particularly *Miss Marjoribanks*, one of the most adult and amusing of Victorian novels, and *Salem Chapel*, a penetrating psychological study of the problems and tensions set up in a nonconformist chapel by the education of the minister beyond the stature of his flock.

A re-assessment of Mrs. Oliphant has long been overdue. It is extraordinary that one never seems to find her books in secondhand bookshops, and all too rarely in University libraries. It is still more extraordinary that no modern publisher has rediscovered them. Her astringent wit, her immense readability, her unfailing eye for all that was absurd and pretentious in Victorian England: all these are characteristics which, one imagines, must at some time combine to restore her to fame. Her books are far more than literary hackwork, or the favourite reading of Queen Victoria. Quite apart from their considerable literary merits, they afford profound historical insight into the provincial society of Victorian England into the world of George Eliot and Arnold Bennett.

A. M. EVERITT.
Department of English Local History, University of Leicester.

(Other letters are on page 317)

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R. M. BALLANTYNE LIVES!

ERIC QUAYLE: *Ballantyne the Brave.* A Victorian writer and his family. 316 pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. 50s.

Much patronizing nonsense has been written in recent years about R. M. Ballantyne, the Scottish boys' book writer. It began with the publication of *Lord of the Flies* in 1954. William Golding had borrowed the names of the castaway boys in Ballantyne's unpretentious yarn, *The Coral Island*; reviewers contrasted wise, modern Golding's intuition of original sin with the simple-minded Victorian's faith in progress and humanity. It was not much noticed that Golding's convincingly savage little atavists were the twelve-year-old products of standardized boarding schools—an un-officered regiment, turned into a mob—whereas Ballantyne's decent boys were eccentric, individual young seamen taged fourteen, sixteen and eighteen), self-educated, self-sufficient and cooperative.

Eric Quayle's informative biography is shallow in its appreciation of Ballantyne's work, continuing the attempt to categorize him as a caricature of "Victorianism"—prudish, poker-faced and raoist: "The British were terribly British—and worth ten of any foreigners, by Jingo! We knew best how to handle the blighters!" Mr. Quayle's rather childish parody bears little resemblance to the ethics openly presented and discussed in *The Coral Island*. The villains are, in fact, European traders; the narrator, sixteen-year-old Ralph, "gazes with horror" at one of them, thinking: "This is the man who favours the missionaries because they are useful to him and can tame the savages better than anyone else." He goes on: "Then I wondered whether it was possible for any missionary to tame *him*!" The principal missionary in the story is a coloured man; the moral conflict is between this Polynesian's pacifist Christian principles and the boys' more chivalric code, when they are faced with the task of rescuing from her captors a coloured girl whom they call "the black Venus".

Yet reviewers have taken Mr. Quayle's word for it, and persist in mocking Ballantyne's boys for being "manly, patriotic, religious, resourceful, ferocious to natives and animals". In fact, Ralph, Jack and Peterkin are markedly courteous to "natives"; they appreciate their tattoos but object to their cannibalism. The boys are positively respectful to a senior "native" whom they think wise and Christian. Further, they are soft-hearted about animals, with "no wish to do a cruel not merely out of sport". Admittedly there is a deterioration when they reappear, six years older, in the unattractive sequel, *The Gorilla Hunters*, set in Africa. (If Mr. Quayle had a sense of history, he would have tried to conjecture why Ballantyne's attitude towards "natives and animals" changed during the important half-decade separating the two books. Among the public events which might have influenced him are: *The Origin of Species*, the Indian Mutiny, the Maori Wars and the annexation of Lagos.)

The boys are certainly "resourceful"—as seamen often are—and they are "religious" enough to wonder what religion demands and whether they are good Christians. But they are not aggressively patriotic (merely "desiring to see their beloved native land") and certainly not "manly" in the pejorative sense—not poker-faced, hierarchic or coldly violent. They try to avoid bloodshed; they tolerate each other's quirks, and weepingly embrace—having been well tuned to the same key—namely that of love! Yes, we loved one another with much fervency when we lived on that island". Not much stiff-upper-lip here.

But, in *The Gorilla Hunters*, Ballantyne is less perplexed by violence. He preaches "toughness", like any fat boxing-promoter, and in a long passage which Mr. Quayle quotes (it does not occur in all editions) criticizes soft boys, or "muffs". However, it is in character, and begins: "I also reflected, and not without a feeling of shame, on my want of nerve, and was deeply impressed with the importance of boys being inured from childhood to trifling risks and slight dangers of every possible description." Mr. Quayle, perhaps using a different edition, has omitted the first sixteen words, which may offer some excuse for this games-master's pep-talk. Ballantyne was thirty-four when he wrote it—a difficult age, when men often over-value the physical vigour they are losing. More important, he had come to see himself as a missioner rather than an entertainer, as is revealed in a letter, quoted by Mr. Quayle (written in 1859, after *Martin Rattler* and *The Coral Island*, but before *The Gorilla Hunters*). He had failed to break into adult fiction and, since he seemed condemned to entertaining children, had decided "young people are my *mission*". This over-responsible feeling perhaps made him more crude and narrow; yet, even in *The Gorilla Hunters*, he is more complex than Mr. Quayle allows. Ralph does at least protect a mother-and-child gorilla pair from the other hunters, and he often feels guilty about the slaughter, claiming (like a vivisector) that he would be "perfectly miserable" but for the fact that the apes are being killed "in the cause of science". His sardonic mate, Peterkin, replies that "a good deal of wickedness is perpetrated under the name of science". As for the "natives", it is true that Peterkin keeps calling them "niggers", but Ralph remains courteous and considerate; and all three fight alongside the Africans against European slave-traders.

No one will pretend that Ballantyne was a great thinker, or even a sensitive artist; but it is unfair and Twentyish to attack mid-Victorians for not being premature Marxists or Freudians. He is rarely as reactionary as our present-day leader writers, except perhaps in the field of sexual relations where he certainly seems shy and perplexed. There is a nervous joke in *The Gorilla Hunters*: "Among several of the lower animals are found specimens of that unnatural class of creatures which among men are called old bachelors!" Ballantyne himself managed to get married a few years later, at the age of 41. Like an overgrown boy scout, he carried his baby in a knapsack.

He enjoyed converting prostitutes. If upright men like Ballantyne and Gladstone derived a peculiar satisfaction from their rescue-work, why should they be blamed? True, the situation demanded a sexual revolution, rather than this piecemeal, reformist approach, but it was better than nothing. Yet Mr. Quayle considers these activities "smug, self-righteous and needlessly cruel". Others might think them brave and well-meaning. Has Mr. Quayle ever met a happy prostitute?

The biographical record in Mr. Quayle's book is more satisfying than the biographer's opinions. The hardy, solemn boys of *The Coral Island* become almost credible when one reads of Ballantyne's own youth, as a rough-living, athletic pioneer at Hudson's Bay and, on his return to Scotland, as a twenty-four-year-old Elder of the Free Kirk. Mr. Quayle has been assisted by Ballantyne's octogenarian daughter remarkable when it is remembered that Ballantyne was born only ten years after Waterloo and his father was a colleague of Walter Scott. In a modest way, Ballantyne may have linked Scott with Stevenson in the Scottish romance tradition. Mr. Quayle suggests that Stevenson's boyish enthusiasm for Ballantyne's coral island influenced his own much better story, *Treasure Island*, and even finally led him to Tahiti.

In 1864 Ballantyne, a middle-aged father, took to living out his athletic fantasies, becoming a fireman, an Arab, a diver, a miner, a trawler-hand. He claimed quite truthfully that these desirable experiences would make useful copy for his books. But what else made him act so tough? Was it his own decision or his publishers', ever conscious of their handsome author's manly image? They did not agree to his idea of writing fairy-tales, though he was allowed to write a toddlers' book called *Three Little Kittens* under an assumed name. The fairy-tale project occured to him after he had been awarded a silver medal for fire-fighting and, doubtless, felt sufficiently virile to relax for a while. He was much edited. In 1863 his publishers (Mr. Quayle amusingly reports) were removing references to God and the working class: they might affect sales to the agnostics and the snobs.

He grew weary of sea-tales. So did his reviewers, one of whom wrote mockingly: "No doubt the yarn will be read with gusto by multitudes of our noble British tars." His seagoing, though, inspired lectures for distressed seamen and a boat Association. Mr. Quayle plains that his first-hand knowledge of miners' sufferings did not lead him to attack the mine-owners: he was more concerned to campaign against the European slave-trade in Africa than against wage-slavery at home. True enough; but Mr. Quayle expects rather a lot from Ballantyne. In some ways he is more subtle than Ballantyne himself; he can spell out a most interesting story with facile references to Eros, "guilt complexes", and "sex" boasts about our "more enlightened age". One must not be too censorious: an informative, hard-working biographer; but it is high time, they say) "call a halt" to this vulgarizing denigration of the Victorians. Sally known as Victorian values, the crude label for a nineteenth-century passionate, intellectual, working, caring, earth-shaking giants. Let us hear about our ancestors, the way they were worth making in passing. Bloomsbury; but now, in the days of the *barbatuli*, they are as bad as all. This judgment applies to the trivial department of publishing line kids' thrillers. Surely it is better to identify with Jack Hawkins than with Ballantyne's Fire-Rover—who, in spite of his name, is really a dreamy, rather young fellow who somehow manages credibly to survive in dangerous parts of the world, choosing his friends and leaders, studying and quoting the common assumptions of British foreign affairs. Pulp heroes (even that Victorian one Adam Adamant) are loyal to their spies or detectives; Ballantyne's more independent; a free-range freelance writer—like Ballantyne himself.

BACK TO BROWNING

IOAN M. WILLIAMS: *Robert Browning.* 160pp. Evans Bros. 15s. (Paperback, 7s. 6d.)
THOMAS BLACKBURN: *Robert Browning. A Study of his poetry.* 210pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 35s.
A Choice of Browning's Verse. Selected by Edward Lucie-Smith. 166pp. Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.

The history of Browning's reputation is one of the most extreme vicissitude. No sooner had he emerged from his early neglect than the earnest Victorians (a little sated by that time with Tennyson's Virgilian nobilities) welcomed him as a Man with a Message—a message which they derived very largely from that unfortunate little song of Pippa which proclaimed that (for her) all was right with the world. This view of Browning as a somewhat unconventional kind of lay-preacher was encouraged, of course, by the activities of the many solemn Browning Societies which cropped up at that time (there is a most amusing sketch of one such society in Conan Doyle's neglected little book, *A Duet*), and it was quite enough to ruin any man's reputation. It was particularly fortunate for Browning therefore that a second and more broadly based title to fame was close at hand. This, in its crudest shape, can hardly be better illustrated than by recalling what happened after Mr. King (in *Stalky*) had thrown the "fat brown-backed volume of the later Sixties" at Beetle's head, and Beetle-Kipling had forthwith "removed himself from all that world [of school], drifting at large with wondrous Men and Women".

Wilde, rather later, adopted the same attitude though he expressed it in more orotund fashion:

> Even now . . . there glides through the room the pageant of his persons. There, creeps Fra Lippo Lippi with his cheeks still burning from some girl's hot kiss. There, stands dread Saul, with the lordly male-sapphires gleaming in his turban. Mildred Tresham is there, and the Spanish monk, filled with hatred, and Blougram, and Ben Ezra, and the Bishop of St. Praxed's. The spawn of Sebebos gibbers in the corner, and Sebald, hearing Pippa pass by, looks on Ottima's haggard face, and loathes her and his own sin, and himself.

And how, Wilde finally asked himself, will Browning be remembered? Not as a poet, but as a writer of fiction, as the most supreme writer of fiction, it may be, that we have ever had". And then came the famous but unfortunate gibe which almost completely nullified all that went before: "Meredith is a prose Browning; and so is Browning. He used poetry as a medium for writing in prose."

Last of all among the eminent interpreters of Browning as a great weaver of romantic and exciting fictions was Chesterton, whose brilliant little study of 1903 still remains a forceful appreciation. Chesterton, however, differed from Wilde in that he had no doubt whatever about the stature of Browning as a conscious and deliberate artist who calculated his effects:

> He may have failed as an artist, though I do not think so; that is quite a different matter. But it is one thing to say that a man through vanity or ignorance has built an ugly cathedral, and quite another to say that he built it in a fit of absence of mind, and did not know whether he was building a lighthouse or a first-class hotel. Browning knew perfectly well what he was doing.

As the years passed, Browning increasingly came to be regarded as a man who had built an hotel or a lighthouse under the impression that it was a cathedral, and no one cared much whether he had done it on purpose or by accident. His intermittent jocularity, his apparent vulgarity, his gratuitous love of the grotesque, his appalling ingenuity with rhymes of the "ranunculus—Tommy-make-room-for-your-Uncle-us" variety, and so on, set the teeth of neo-Georgian critics on edge. At the same time, the romantic aspects of his private life assumed the centre of the picture and Rudolf Besier's drama and Betty Miller's lethal biography cut him down to even less than life-size. And to this day he remains under the ban of that pundit from another age, Mr. Robert Graves.

The tide now seems to be turning. Each of these three new books, while making little of the threadbare private life, has a great deal to say of the poetry, and much of it is unustially respectful. Mr. Williams's brief study is rather more of a guide book than the others. It gives us the facts; it gives us résumés of the more recondite works such as *Sordello*, *Paracelsus* and *A Blot on the Scutcheon*; and it might enable someone to pass examinations on these matters without actually reading the works themselves. It is especially good in this respect on that most gnarled and knotty of teasers, *The Ring and the Book*. Mr. Williams is accurate and sensible but he has been conquered by the sheer physical volume of the works to be considered: half his quota of pages was used up before he got to the end of the play-writing.

Mr. Blackburn has more spunk: he uses it rather wantonly. It is his belief that Browning was important as a love poet and a religious poet. He deprecates Beedle's love of "Waring" and will have no truck at all with that interesting work "Christmas-Eve". He objects for some reason, he doesn't explain, to *Sordello* being described as "an anthology piece". He is also convinced that Browning wrote a large quantity of shockingly bad verse, as his illustration mentions what he in his way called "an inbuilt shock-absorber shit-detector". This apparently implies, Browning did not publish. Nor, we doubt, does Mr. Blackburn.

The most valuable of these commentaries is the brief essay in which Mr. Edward Lucie-Smith introduces his idiosyncratic choice of *Browning's Verse*. Though it is only nineteen pages long, this piece is full of genuine illuminations. Mr. Lucie-Smith demonstrates the overwhelming importance of Browning's reading in describing the extent of his subsequent influence—it is an impressive list and stretches from Kipling to Samuel Beckett. He also makes a good sound point that two of Browning's greatest strengths are his precision of learning and his precision of sentence-ship. It is, however, Mr. Lucie-Smith's choice of poems, by far, is most significant, since it prefigures what Browning ought has to say to the younger men of the present time. "Waring" we are interested to see (*pace* Mr. Blackburn) is still in; and so are a number of unfamiliar and admirable poems from the despised later works such as *Pucchiarotto*; but optimism is used sparingly, and explicably, only once, we have a selection of what might well be called the black poems—"Holy Cross Day", "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came", "Caliban upon Setebos", "Ixion", "Childe Roland's Tragedy", "Caliban upon Setebos", "Ixion", remarkable reversal of values is that these last two poems should be the only ones that receive unreserved admiration in all these three books. Chesterton also noted the merits of both of them, so it is not precisely a fresh insight. It was Mr. Lucie-Smith who struck out with great precision the extraordinary phrase which describes the beauty of return of the prodigal, also, no doubt, one of the most successful.

James Tait Black

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

ALL-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN (Editor): *An American Primer.* Vol. I, 491pp. Vol. II, pp. 493 to 994. University of Chicago Press. £6 6s.
THOMAS H. JOHNSON: *The Oxford Companion to American History.* In Consultation with Harvey Wish. 906pp. New York and London: Oxford University Press. £4 4s.

These two books are examples of that very good *haute vulgarisation* in which the modern American academy excels. Professor Boorstin's anthology is more than that; it makes a contribution to original scholarship in the very character of the themes chosen. And some of the commentaries by the eighty-three "introducers" of the selections are themselves original and valuable essays. Thus, with great learning and elegance, Professor Leuchtenburg solves the problem of why Franklin D. Roosevelt retreated from his Chicago "quarantine" proposal of 1937 "under pressure", by showing that there was no great hostile pressure and that F.D.R. had made no proposal at all but had merely indulged in some customary rhetoric and was startled when an attempt was made to read a positive meaning into the speech.

Professor Johnson's book is not an anthology, but a useful tool that anyone concerned with American history will be glad to have at hand and which will often prove more than a mere source of that "index lore that turns no student pale". Indeed, the book suffers from not having an index, which is by no means superfluous in a book of this kind. And it may suffer a little from the fact that its compiler is a literary or intellectual historian, trained under the late Perry Miller, but not quite so much a master of method and proportion as Perry Miller was. So we have a totally superfluous article on Paul Bourget because he wrote *Outremer*, but none on James Bryce. Another weakness is the poorness of the bibliographical aids. Many articles have no bibliographies at all. Some have totally obsolete bibliographies, some have highly misleading bibliographies. Thus a very serious scholarly sin is committed when the reference to the *Diary* in the article on Gideon Welles is to the totally superseded edition of 1911, to which the criticisms *do* apply and not to the scholarly edition of 1958 to which they do not. In the same way, no notice is taken of the fact that there are two editions of Allan Nevins's lives of Hamilton Fish and of John D. Rockefeller. It may not matter much in the case of Fish, but in the case of Rockefeller both the editions differ substantially and both are necessary. In other ways, there are faults and omissions that are forgivable but annoying. We are not told that there is some doubt about whether General Sheridan was born in the United States (the West Point version) or in Ireland. We are not told the editor's opinion on the debated question of whether the "Paul Bunyan" industry has any genuine folklore basis or whether Steve Brodie *did* jump off Brooklyn Bridge. Professor Johnson believes that the question of the authenticity of the "Kensington Stone" is still unsettled although he *is* convinced that "Vinland" is at L'Anse aux Meadows in Newfoundland. There is no discussion of the "Vinland map" or of the alleged Welsh origin of the Mandan Indians. We *do* learn that a few Mandans still survive, but not in their ancient habitat on the Missouri. Not all modern scholars are convinced that "the Great American Desert" was a myth and some are convinced that Ohio was not admitted as a state in 1803 and one very distinguished Ohio historian thought that doubts of the alleged admission of the Buckeye state might justify expelling it.

Sometimes the differences between Professor Johnson's *Companion* and Professor Boorstin's *Primer* are revealing. Professor Johnson has a higher opinion of William James as a philosopher than has Professor Sidney Hook in the *Primer* and Professor Hook has the better of the argument. On the other hand, he misquotes a famous line of Goethe's in a way that does not destroy its meaning but does destroy its scansion.

A great merit of both books is catholicity. This is perhaps more noticeable in the *Primer* than in the *Companion*. We have not only the classical scriptures of American historical tradition in the *Primer*, but also, as we would expect from a book edited by Professor Boorstin, an originally wide choice of supporting if less sacred texts. Thus we have not only Louis Sullivan on the skyscraper but also John Wanamaker on the department store. But there is no mention of the fact that the Wanamaker invasion of New York failed, nor that that once admired Victorian specimen of high art, Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate", adorns the mother house of Wanamaker's stores in Philadelphia, at least during Holy Week. And Professor Johnson, although he has a brief article on Louis Sullivan, does not mention him in the article on the skyscraper.

But Professors Boorstin and Johnson do believe in *e pluribus unum*. A unity in diversity *does* emerge. Thus Professor Johnson rightly has an article on the Brillat-Savarin of America, Fannie Farmer, and Mr. Daniel Bell notes in the *Primer* the influence of Frederick W. Taylor on Lenin. But Mr. Pyles, in his note on Mencken, does not comment on the Eisenhower version of the Gettysburg Address, a more successful parody of the presidential manner than Mencken's reduction of the *Declaration* to demotic.

Religion and thought are combined in the section from *Science and Health* which will be intelligible to scientists, who will not be able to complain of the introduction. There is a kind of religious rhetoric in Andrew Carnegie's *Wealth* and even in the now rather nauseating oratory of the "boy orator", Albert J. Beveridge, whom even "Mr. Dooley" could not parody. And since Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech is as much a sermon as anything else, it is a pity that one of the few pieces of argument in it should be spoiled by pointing "party" for "parity".

The arts are not neglected. We have Sinclair Lewis's onslaught on the American literary establishment in the speech he made on receiving the Nobel prize for literature—the first American to be a "laureate".

And to end on a current note, there is plenty of evidence for the brain drain here, eg. in the list of "American" Nobel prizemen. It is probably justifiable to count Whitehead as an American, since he lived so long in Cambridge, Mass., but why Toscanini, why Einstein, whose best work was done long before he got to Princeton? And since Igor Stravinsky is listed, perhaps space might have been found for the story that, when he was at last naturalized, the officiating officer said: "Now that you are an American citizen, Mr. Stravinsky, wouldn't you like to change your name?".

Professor Johnson does well in his choice of cultural ornaments, although he might have noted that one of the most successful movies that W. C. Fields ever made was one in which his co-star was Mae West—a fact not mentioned in the articles consecrated to these two ornaments of the silver screen and what one may call not the "buskined" but rather the soft shoe stage. But it should be noted that burlesque survived in New York till the middle of the Second World War, when, for moral and economic reasons, Mayor La Guardia shut down Minsky's, and, of course, it survived much longer as far west as Seattle. In dealing with sport, Professor Johnson commits the sin of the multitude which, in boxing, only cares for heavyweights.

MOSQUES AND MOSCOW

HÉLÈNE CARRÈRE D'ENCAUSSE: *Réforme et révolution chez les Musulmans de l'Empire Russe: Bukhara, 1867-1924.* Préface de Maxime Rodinson. 312pp. Paris: Armand Colin.

During the past ten years a number of general studies have been published relating to the twenty-five million Muslims living in the Soviet Union. These have prepared the ground for such specialized studies of this little-known subject as those of Benningsen and Quelquejay, Edward Allworth, and the work now under review. Mme. Carrère d'Encausse has wisely chosen to focus her attention on the historic Emirate of Bukhara. Not only was this the nearest approach to a nation state in the whole Muslim world of Russia but it also enjoyed prestige in the Empire and beyond as a bastion of Islam which had not, like the other Muslim principalities, surrendered entirely to Russia. As a vassal state of Russia it enjoyed a semi-independent status somewhat higher than that of the Indian states under the British Raj.

The book is divided into three more or less equal parts. The first contains a detailed account of Bukharan society and administration on the eve of the Russian conquest of Central Asia and describes how these were affected by Russian capitalism and by western ideas, many of the latter being conveyed through the Tatars, who had already long been living cheek by jowl with the Russians. The second part deals with the growth of the reformist movement known as Jadidism (from *usul-i-jadid*, or New Method) and the illiberal reception it received from the Revolution of 1905. The last part describes how in 1919 the Jadids threw in their lot with the Bolsheviks, the brief honeymoon period which resulted in the People's Republic of Bukhara and the final collapse of Bukhara's statehood in 1924.

The author has delved deeply into both Tsarist and Soviet Russian literature, much of it of Muslim origin. Of particular importance are the writings of the chief collaborators with the Bolsheviks such as Safarov and Faizullah Khojayev, who were afterwards repudiated and were either executed or "disappeared" without trial. Apart from these the much later works of Muslims who stayed on, of course, such as Sadruddin Ayni, and of younger but serious scholars such as Iskanderov and Fomchenko are essential for the objective study of the period in question. On many matters they constitute the best, sometimes the only, source of information. But where collateral source material exists it certainly ought to be consulted and Mme. Carrère d'Encausse has sometimes failed to do this. For example, her brief references to the small British "intervention" in Transcaspia (she has sensibly avoided attaching too much importance to this) are entirely taken from Soviet sources and are for the most part incorrect. No British advisers were ever sent to Bukhara; the withdrawal of the British "force" (it never exceeded 1,000 men) was completed by the beginning of April 1919, and had nothing to do with the outbreak of war with Afghanistan in May: no attack by "Anglo-Russian forces" on the town of Kerki took place either in May or at any other time.

As narrated by Mme. Carrère d'Encausse the story is at once absorbing and tragic. She traces the source of the reformist movement to Ahmad Danish who, long before the coming of the Russians to Turkestan, had begun to conceive notions opposed both to the despotic rule of the Mangit dynasty and to the influence of the obscurantist and reactionary clergy. His ideas, like those of the later Jadids, were largely derived from the Russians, but the author consistently emphasizes the important point that, in spite of its modernistic tendencies, the reformist movement was essentially Muslim in its origin: it germinated among Muslim teachers and students in the cloisters of the madrasahs, the Muslim seminaries. It aimed at purifying Islam, not at undermining it.

After the Revolution of 1917, events which had been moving too slowly for the Jadids suddenly began to move too fast. After the collapse of Kerensky's Provisional Government one section of them joined the armed Basmachi rising. The other decided in desperation to make common cause with the Bolsheviks as being the only hope of realizing some of their aspirations in the newly created People's Republic of Bukhara. Mme. Carrère d'Encausse examines with great care the 1921 Constitution of this republic and shows how it avoided any deviation from the fundamental principles of Islam. The republic, however, was doomed to extinction in 1924 and thenceforward the very name of Islam and of Jadid was to become anathema to the Soviet regime.

The author has perhaps handled this final stage—Part 3, Chapter III: "The Crisis of 1923 and the End of Bukhara"—too briefly. She explains that the Soviet Government had only allowed Bukhara four years of near independence for reasons of expediency but the process by which this independence was summarily concluded needs further analysis and description. It was a case of bowing to the inevitable, which has recurred and will again recur many times in the history of the Muslims of the Soviet Union. But in Islam resignation should never be mistaken for renunciation.

Mme. Carrère d'Encausse has kept rigidly to her deadline of 1924. The interest of the book could have been enhanced by a brief note describing the fate of the principal actors in the drama and the strange gesture of posthumous rehabilitation which has since been applied to many of them including, only last May, the most prominent of all, Faizullah Khojayev, Prime Minister of the People's Republic and later of Uzbekistan, who was executed in 1938 on charges which included nationalism.

Mention should be made of the evocative preface by Maxime Rodinson, the brilliant author of *Islam et Capitalisme*. He is also responsible for the system of transliteration. It would perhaps be impertinent to criticize a system designed for French readers, but surely there is something to be said for the plan now gaining ground in Britain of using a broad system without diacritical marks in the text and an exact system in the index, the latter being prefixed by a table of graphic and phonemic equivalents.

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RACE IN BIRMINGHAM

JOHN REX and ROBERT MOORE: *Race, Community and Conflict.* A study of Sparkbrook. 303pp. Oxford University Press. £2 10s.

Housing and race are two domestic topics capable of generating a great deal of emotion. When the two combine, the threat to impartiality is even greater. It should therefore be said at the outset that the authors of this study have accomplished their task with remarkable detachment. We are left in no doubt that the situation which they describe is a pathological one, but the diagnosis is made in the best tradition of social science. Given the importance of the topic, and the need—which the authors recognize—for as wide a dissemination of their findings as is possible, it is as well to stress the source of their objectivity. This is the discipline of sociology, and the authors rightly insist that "this is a specifically sociological study". That is to say that it is not in the tradition of higher journalism, limited in relevance to the particular conditions being studied. It is a permanent contribution to the study of urban relations and of immigrant communities in the city.

It may seem paradoxical, but one of the important effects of this book is to question the value of the very term "race relations" which posits an opposition between two solidarities. In fact, as the authors show, cultural and physical differences are seized on to express more basic conflicts of interest. A simple example of this is the view that the housing shortage in Sparkbrook has been exacerbated by the presence of coloured immigrants and could therefore be relieved by preventing such immigration. As the authors point out, the presence of the immigrants is a function of the need for industrial labour which would still be there were all coloured immigration to be banned.

In Chapter *I* the authors set the scene of their main focus, the twilight zone of large houses which have come down in the world but are not yet slums. They describe the various factors which have led to the creation of these zones and made them at the time of their study predominantly immigrant (which includes Irish) residential areas. They describe the emergence and role of the lodging-house entrepreneur, who is blamed because he meets a need not otherwise catered for in the city. Like the scavenger in an Indian village, he is essential, but the very function he performs makes him despised. Various interests combine to contain the twilight zone and this "becomes, consciously or unconsciously, a policy of creating ghetto areas for the immigrants".

In the Sparkbrook area the authors distinguish three areas of which Sparkbrook *I*, a central area of mid-Victorian terraces and formerly the residential area of the "respectable middle class", is now the main immigrant area. Here again we see that race is not the determining factor, for the same social factors make this also the residential area for English labour coming from outside Birmingham.

Chapters III and IV deal with the people of Sparkbrook: the English, the Irish, the West Indians, the Pakistanis and three minority groups. What is given is a general profile of these communities: place of origin, employment, religious affiliation and practice, kin relations, size of affective neighbourhood, &c. This is built up with numerical tables and comment supported by a satisfying number of particular cases. A great deal of information is economically presented in this way as, for instance, the whole world of an elderly English widower in respectable Sparkbrook 3. He "was a little worried in case anything happened to him and he has to call on his neighbours for help. He said, 'I haven't ever been in their house'".

Following chapters deal with the associations formed within the immigrant communities, the place of religion in Sparkbrook, and politics. The authors build up their picture of increasing isolation not only of the immigrants as a totality but also of the separate immigrant communities from each other according to their distinctive constitutions and interests. These chapters are balanced by an account of the Sparkbrook Association founded in 1961. The successes and failures of this association and the difficulties which it faced are analysed in detail for, as the authors point out, the work of the association is instructive for other areas with similar problems. The association has succeeded in providing a centre of social service which is used by members of all communities. It has not established as yet a non-racial community centre but, in the authors' opinion, such a goal would be highly artificial and unreal at present. Such a judgment is in accordance with their rejection of the simple vocabulary in which these problems are normally discussed. The idea of total "assimilation" or "integration", however well motivated, is utterly unrealistic. One of the most important lessons to be learnt from this work is that the resolution of problems such as are posed by Sparkbrook must start from the recognition of real and conflicting differences. The authors leave us in no doubt about the urgent need for rethinking; the suggestion of menacing alternatives runs as an undercurrent through the book, all the more effective for the sobriety of the language in which it is expressed.

The comforting notion that given time different communities will "integrate" gains no support from an important chapter, The Younger Generation, contributed by Jennifer Williams. Mrs. Williams considers the immigrant pupils in the situation of conflict between the school world and the world of the parents, discusses the generation gulf and suggests the likely result of discrimination in the future employment of this generation. Her realistic approach is exemplified in the following: "The H.M.S.O. publication, *English for Immigrants*, states: 'The school must be exceedingly careful not to set up or aggravate tensions between the child and his parents.' I think this statement should be rephrased to say that the schools should try to understand and minimize the tensions which will almost invariably arise among certain immigrant groups."

BOYS IN LONDON

PETER WILLMOTT: *Adolescent Boys of East London.* Institute of Community Studies. 224pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

In the late 1950s a new mode of social research, a new kind of approach to the life and problems of industrial societies, seemed to emerge. It contained elements which have since divorced and which were always recognized as taking their origins from diverse positions. Literary and social criticism were combined in the writings of Richard Hoggart and Raymond Williams. A new kind of social accounting appeared in the mature work of Richard Titmuss and his associates. Michael Young and the Institute of Community Studies used Bethnal Green as the base from which to bring "some of the strengths of anthropology to sociology, combining personal observation and illustration with statistical analysis". In America the old-fashioned economics of J. K. Galbraith were applied to a new world of deprivation in the midst of unprecedented wealth. Poverty again became a concept, a problem and a policy.

All this was of the amorphous tendency we call the left. It was concerned with injustice and remedies for injustice. It was passionate. It was also romantic: concerned with a new version of pastoral, a new claim for the obscured, continuing virtues of the poor. It was somehow very Anglo-Saxon, very puritan, austerely but at its best sweetly virtuous. A decade later we are confronted by the fourteenth publication of the Institute of Community Studies, a study by its joint Director of adolescent lads in Bethnal Green. Mr. Peter Willmott has proved himself elsewhere to be sensitive, competent and clear. Bethnal Green has been used to show us an exemplary picture of family solidarity maintained by the continuing linkage of mothers, daughters, children, in a solid, supporting circle of culture. His new book is a disappointment. Perhaps the vein of research is worked out, or the fires have burned low. Perhaps the attempt to get behind sociology as a tradition has once again proved not useless, but insufficient, partial and in itself sterile. One cannot but compare this book with the Eppels' recent *Adolescents* and *Morality*. It is much tidier, but remarkably without that book's life.

Methodologically *Adolescent Boys* is sensible, unpretentious and clear. Mr. Willmott has always been wise about statistics; their master, not their servant. Interviews, diaries, and so on, are correctly deployed. But what emerges, whither does the guide lead? Is the study to be descriptive, a [illegible] graphy? But Bethnal Green is Utopia, and what is described is new or strange. Apparently believed that there was a connection between what is said in the East End and the [illegible] hooliganism, &c. But this does not seem to be resolved: these are remarkably delinquent-free boys in three is in court by the time they are twenty-one. Some are more frequent than others. Delinquency associated with recruitment, and so on; on other matters they are equally obvious. As the [illegible] older their relations with the girls' families) become stable. They do not like [illegible] much, and profit little. Schools are "out of touch with the local community". (This is true, but it might have occurred to researchers that it is not entirely a criticism of the schools: are not much better than they are?) there is "reconciliation" with society, we are told, it is not.

The boys, we are told, fall into three groups: contented [illegible] wardly aspiring groups; grants from Bethnal Green rebels against parents and steady jobs. Almost none lates are educed for these groups. The rebels may contain [illegible] catching up with Keynes- ting out of Bethnal Green were only four of these out of a sample of 246.

The book is full of [illegible] These are careful [illegible] Perhaps they have lost [illegible] tion, but they tell us nothing, and communicate of inner life, growth, hope failure. Very often [illegible] the best in the published what the informants [illegible] and the mosaic of voices pattern, a true sub-culture [illegible] not happen here.

There can be no question have learnt greatly from works issued from the Community Studies. The local ties, of the continuing of the kindred in industrial has been finally established Institute. Mr. Willmott has much better in the past to be premature to mourn the n tradition on the evidence of *cent Boys*. But on this evi tradition is very slight.

MISDEAL

TERENCE REESE: *Story of an Accusation.* 244pp. Heinemann. 30s.

The world of international bridge tournaments has long been known as the home of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. It also rings from time to time with downright accusations of cheating. None of this knowledge, shared by the public interested in bridge, served to mitigate the effect of the shock when in May, 1964, just before the close of the World Bridge Championship in Buenos Aires, it was announced that the Captain of the British team, Ralph Swimer, had taken action on information laid against two members of the team, Terence Reese and Boris Shapiro, by withdrawing them from further participation in the tournament and conceding the matches against North America and Argentina. Mr. Swimer's action was endorsed by Mr. Geoffrey Butler, Chairman of the British Bridge League and Chairman of the Tournament's Appeals Committee. The incident was widely reported, and in view of the attitude of the British officials concerned public opinion probably regarded the matter as settled. The British Bridge League, however, not regarding itself as bound by the position taken by its chairman and delegate, decided to commission a special independent inquiry, conducted by Sir John Foster, Q.C., M.P., and General Lord Bourne. The inquiry reported in August, 1966, dismissing the accusations; the report has been accepted both by the British Bridge League and generally. This lively and amusingly written book is Mr. Reese's account of the affair.

The accusation against Mr. Reese and Mr. Shapiro was that they signalled to each other the number of cards they held in the heart suit by the number of fingers they showed at the back of their cards. It was conceded that such a method would give the players a definite if limited advantage which would be decisive in the long run; in fact it was agreed that, added to their acknowledged great skill at the game, it should make them unbeatable. The accusers were Mr. B. J. Becker and Mrs. Hayden, who played as partners in the American team, and Mr. Alan Truscott, an American bridge journalist. They claimed to have observed the suspicious finger movements and to have worked out the code by great intellectual labour in an all-night session when they compared their observations with the records of the cards. It was on this latter point, to compress the long and technical evidence, that the accusation broke down: careful analysis proves abundantly that, so far from showing evidence of successful coups particularly, as Mr. Truscott alleged, in heart contracts, the pair made bids and plays which were plainly incompatible with any guilty knowledge. Mr. Reese prints in an appendix all the hands brought against him. They overwhelmingly support his case and this fact undoubtedly weighed heavily with the tribunal.

Naturally enough the evidence of the witnesses who claimed to have observed the signals was far more difficult to refute. It could be shaken on details, but since Mr. Reese and Mr. Shapiro were not only innocent but also unaware that they were being observed there was no rebutting evidence that they could give. It will strike the reader, however, that the British officials at Buenos Aires might have given more thought to the background as this is described by Mr. Reese. In the United States bridge is big business. There are probably more people playing, and the professionals make more money out of syndicated bridge journalism than in any other country; and yet since 1954 the United States teams have failed consistently in international tournaments. It was argued at the tribunal, according to Mr. Reese's account, that there was a connexion between this fact and the fact that Americans had freely made accusations of cheating against their European opponents on at least three occasions before the Buenos Aires tournament, and that Mr. Becker and Mr. Truscott had been involved. In the light of this past history there would have been much understanding if Mr. Butler and Mr. Swimer had taken a calmer view of a repetition of such accusations at Buenos Aires.

Mr. Reese is well known in the world of bridge journalism. He is as clear in the analysis of legal proceedings as in the analysis of hands and makes easy and pleasant reading of a tortuous and disagreeable affair.

MEN ON HORSES

DORIAN WILLIAMS (Editor): *The Horseman's Companion.* 566pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £3 3s.

Mr. Dorian Williams, television commentator and M.F.H., is admirably qualified to compile an anthology on the horse, and he has arranged this one under so many headings that any reader interested either in horses themselves, the men who ride them or the races in which they compete is likely to find something to his taste. He modestly suggests that his book may answer the question "Where can I look it up?" but with more than 150 items to choose from even the most knowledgeable reader will find much that is new to him and many of these discoveries will be delightful.

Disregarding for the moment extracts from the works of established writers, there is plenty of talent among the less well known. Mr. Christopher Cullins is a good jockey, and probably an excellent accountant; as a writer he is not so famous. Nevertheless his memorable description of the Chair Fence at Aintree as "a dark green bungalow which rose out of a moat" deserves to be immortal and one hopes that he will ride many more races and write about them. Brigadier Blacker is another whose experiences include both the racecourse and the hunting field; he has an outstanding narrative gift as a writer. "Gillian's Ordeal" by Marigold Armitage is not, as it might sound, an extract from one of those pony books now seemingly less superabundant than a few years ago and happily unrepresented in these pages. It is a straightforward account of an exciting hunt, but anyone who has read what more eminent writers have said on this subject will realize that this is not as easy as it sounds. Lord Mottistone, who is credited with having recommended his batman for the V.C. on the ground that he accompanied him wherever he went in the war, seems here in a rather touching extract to be doing the same thing for his charger, "Warrior".

Among the better-known writers Siegfried Sassoon's Foxhunting man makes a welcome reappearance and Kipling's Maltese Cat is seemingly the only polo-pony. Dickens and Trollope inevitably find a place and equally inevitably Surtees, Whyte Melville and the Somerville-Ross combination. John Hislop and John Lawrence make it clear that, whether or not the breed of horses has deteriorated, the reporting of races has never been better than it is in Britain today; in this connexion a transcript of a big-race broadcast by Peter O'Sullevan might well have been included. Not surprisingly, the section devoted to verse is not up to the standard of the rest, but the twenty or more illustrations and John Skeaping's admirable endpapers more than compensate for any disappointment on this score.

A famous jockey is on record as saying that "Horses go soft and silly if you make pets of them", but this is strictly a minority view among the contributors to this anthology as well as the horse-loving public who will certainly wish to acquire it.

MEN IN CARS

STEPHEN BLACK: *Man and Motor Cars.* An Ergonomic Study. 373pp. Secker and Warburg. £3 3s.

Dr. Stephen Black has asked twenty-five hypnotized people for their opinions on motor cars. His book is partly an intriguing account of motoring as seen by people in a trance and partly Dr. Black's opinions on questions of road safety and of motor car design.

The book includes a muddled account of the new applied sciences of ergonomics and cybernetics. It is, however, an unscientific book in that the author has not put his theories to practical test. Despite his advocacy of a scientific approach to the problems of road accidents and car design, he includes an attack upon what he believes to be the inhibiting effects of the "scientific method". In stating that he prefers to "resort more often than not to common sense" he fails to see that the scientific method is valuable because it avoids the errors to which common sense is prone.

However, what Dr. Black brings to the problem is not his fallible common sense, which he shares with everyone else, but a unique and personal vision. He realizes that the first step in preventing road accidents is to widen the area of search for new insights into the problem of mass private transportation. Dr. Black's book is, in fact, an extended brain-storm on the problems and side-effects of motoring. To this extent it is a useful collection of ideas on everything from transmission systems and headrests to a bumper dream-car in which one can write, eat, sleep and travel over water. It is a pity that he has presented this stimulating but unbelievable mixture as ergonomic science and thereby made it harder for practising ergonomists to get a serious hearing.

TREASURE TROVE

KIP WAGNER as told to L. B. TAYLOR, JR.: *Pieces of Eight.* 221pp. Longmans. 36s.

The King of Spain's annual shipment of gold and silver from the Indies for the year 1715 sailed from Havana on July 24. On the evening of the 29th the fleet was caught in a Caribbean hurricane. Ten ships were driven ashore on the east coast of Florida in the early morning of July 30. More than 1,000 men and the fleet commander, Don Juan Esteban de Ubilla, died in the raging surf.

The Spanish Government and a series of ruffish Caribbean adventurers fought over the wreckage for years. Perhaps £2m. in gold and silver was salvaged. It was less than half the total treasure lost.

In the spring of 1921 Kip Wagner, a country boy from the American middle west, bought a Model T Ford with the money he and his brother Ed had saved from working on a construction job. The brothers drove to Florida, where the car broke down in the little town of Wabasso. In the three days it took them to repair their car Kip Wagner fell in love with the region. He moved there with his wife after the Second World War.

A friend introduced him to a favourite local pastime, hunting for Spanish coins on the beaches. He became an enthusiastic coin hunter. His interest led him to searches with a surplus mine detector, and finally to an abortive excavation of an old wreck that lay off the coast. He became friendly with Dr. Kip Kelso, a general practitioner who was also fascinated by the coins on the beach. Dr. Kelso did research in the Library of Congress, and eventually in the archives of the Indies in Seville, which convinced him that Mr. Wagner had found traces of the 1715 fleet. Mr. Wagner assembled a group of amateur divers in 1960. They made their first find of Spanish silver in 1961, and have gone on to discover eight of the wrecks and gold and silver bullion and jewelry worth £1m.

The story is well told by Mr. Taylor, who has done a fine job of clear professional writing that allows Kip Wagner to come through on nearly every page. There are fewer technical mistakes than one would expect in such a book. Dr. Kelso and Kip Wagner obviously did a great deal of research. The most serious criticism that can be made of the book is that the authors did not include a bibliographical appendix.

A logical sequel to this fine account would be a well-documented description of the wrecks and material found in them, to be written by a marine archaeologist in collaboration with an expert on the period. There is hope that the State of Florida will use part of its one-third share of Kip Wagner's millions to finance such a work, which would be of lasting interest to naval historians on both sides of the Atlantic.

LEISURE FOR PLEASURE

JOFFRE DUMAZEDIER and ALINE RIPERT: *Loisir et Culture.* 397pp. Paris: Le Seuil. 24.00fr.

Since the 1950s there has been increasing concern about the "problem" of mass leisure and mass culture, especially in the United States. A conference on the subject is being held this month by the British Sociological Association. But it is a French sociologist, Joffre Dumazedier, who has most single-mindedly and continuously devoted his attention to the sociology of leisure. *Loisir et Culture* is the first to appear of a series of studies with the general title "Le Loisir et la Ville". About four-fifths of this volume consists of an account of leisure activities in the town of Annecy in Haute-Savoie, much of its material deriving from a sample survey completed in 1957. The past ten years have seen many changes in the sphere of leisure, not least the growth in the proportion of homes with television from less than 2 per cent to more than 40 per cent. But taking 1900 as their base-line the authors are able to document changes in patterns of leisure activity and their distribution in different socio-economic classes.

They found in fact nothing like the "total cultural segregation" of classes observed by Zola, or the conspicuous consumption described by Veblen at the end of the nineteenth century. The working class is no longer confined, as in the time of Eugène Sue and Marx, "dans une subculture close, quasi folklorique". The real division is between those workers who display cultural mobility linked with social mobility, and those, mainly the unskilled, who remain culturally passive and inert. Whether this democratization and equalization of culture is detrimental at higher cultural levels, or simply complements them, the authors leave as an open question, but their tone is decidedly optimistic. With certain reservations and exceptions, the cultural level of mass leisure has, in their judgment, risen in Annecy and is continuing to rise. To take one characteristically French leisure institution, although the number of cafés has sharply declined, those which remained were prospering in 1957 and represented more than a third of the town's commercial activity. The biggest changes were the increased open-air exercise, games and sports, and the number of local associations catering for a growing diversity of interests.

While there is nothing startling in the Annecy survey, it will have historical and comparative value. But in tune with the purposive mood of modern France, M. Dumazedier and his colleagues of the Centre d'Études Sociologiques in Paris are not content to stop at surveys. They are active participants, along with writers, musicians, journalists, and men of the cinema, radio and television, in a process of "planification culturelle à long terme". Cultural development must have its own strategy, distinct from that of social and economic development. There must be controlled cultural action on a national basis to ensure the necessary balance between the different sectors which is as important as the balanced growth of different sectors of the economy. It will involve expenditure, legislation and a corps of "animateurs". To all this the authors look forward cheerfully and unflinchingly, willing to play their part in building "an experimental science of cultural

THE HOGARTH PRESS

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Jiri Mucha
LIVING AND PARTLY LIVING
Translated from the Czech by Ewald Osers.

This is the moving diary of one of Czechoslovakia's best-known writers, written during his imprisonment in the mines after his arrest during the Stalinist regime. *25s.*

CLASHES ON CLASS

RICHARD MABEY (Editor): *Class.* A Symposium. 176pp. Blond. 30s. (Paperback, 18s.)

The subject of social class has become so much the preserve of sociologists that one might assume a book with the title of *Class* to be a volume of sociological papers. This is not: it is simply a collection of essays in which—with one or two exceptions—the contributors express personal opinions about the place of class in contemporary society.

"In Britain", writes Raymond Postgate, the grand old man among the contributors, "the decay of class distinctions has been such that our eyes are caught rather by those that remain than by changes that we take for granted." Perhaps this explains one of the more interesting things which these essays as a whole reveal—the diversity of opinions expressed about the meaning of "class" today. Mark Abrams clearly assumes, in his rather pedestrian essay on voting behaviour, that class is simply a matter of occupation. Michael Ivens, on the other hand, follows Max Weber and looks in turn at the social status accorded to people on account of their belongings, their external conditions of life and the subjective satisfactions or frustrations they experience. One or two contributors write as if class is mainly a matter of relationships rather than things, and others as if it depends on education. Despite this striking lack of consensus Simon Raven roundly asserts that "all agree" class is a matter of birth, wealth and professional or personal merit; and to confuse things further one writer would clearly prefer to [illegible] from *Twentieth Century* to Some of these are [illegible] transitory, but Despite [illegible] gently perceptive "School the Parent's Dilemma" [illegible] for what it is—first-rate [illegible] sound evidence—and [illegible] In "Beyond the Organisation" writes sagaciously from [illegible] ground of informed [illegible] practical experience. Among new essays Matthew Murray and the Welfare State" [illegible] penny dreadful on the Health Service, inherent [illegible] Wolfers's pretentiously [illegible] North: A Study in Class Conflict and Custom" is an [illegible] example of prejudice [illegible] knowledge.

Although a pleasant way to while away an hour's [illegible] spring sunshine, this symposium hardly be said to have [illegible] its intention—which [illegible] cribes as "an attempt to [illegible] influence of class on [illegible] day".

The James Tait Black Memorial Prize for the best biography has been awarded to Sir Roy Keynes for *The Life of Ottoline Morrell*, published by Gollancz and Knopf Press. The prize for the best novel has been awarded jointly to Alice Brooke-Rose for *Such* and to Alice [illegible] Joseph) and to [illegible]

Rule of Three

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and her companions in power

Iris BUTLER

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough — historians and biographers are inclined to sum her up as a meddling busybody in politics, running Queen Anne and her own husband, John Churchill, as well as the entire Whig party, to gratify her own megalomaniac lust for power. Iris Butler, whose work is the fruit of long and careful research, has looked at Sarah and her life entirely without prejudice — and discovers her to be a remarkable and misunderstood woman.

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JEWISH JUSTICE

GIDEON HAUSNER: *Justice in Jerusalem.* The Trial of Adolf Eichmann. 528pp. Nelson. £2 5s.

BERND NAUMANN: *Auschwitz.* Translated by Jean Steinberg. 432pp. Pall Mall Press. £2 15s.

MICHEL BORWICZ: *L'Insurrection du Ghetto de Varsovie.* 255pp. 16pp. of plates. Paris: Julliard. 6 fr.

ROGER MANVELL and HEINRICH FRAENKEL: *The Incomparable Crime.* 339pp. Heinemann. 45s.

On December 15, 1961, the proceedings in case number 40/61 ended in the District Court in Jerusalem. The court sentenced the defendant Adolf Eichmann to death for crimes against the Jewish people, for crimes against humanity and for war crimes. The abduction of Eichmann from Argentina was sensational and so was the trial. Equally sensational was that cruel and brilliant account of it given by Hannah Arendt in *Eichmann in Jerusalem* (reviewed April 30, 1964). *Justice in Jerusalem*, an account by the chief prosecutor (and the chief victim of Miss Arendt's anger), Gideon Hausner, is therefore very welcome. However, should Miss Arendt read it, she is not likely to feel that she need change one word of her own account.

The proceedings in Jerusalem were a show trial: not in the sense that justice was not done—there has never been any doubt about the fairness of the proceedings—but because the prosecution put on trial not just one man, not even Nazism, but anti-semitism and all those who by their inaction and indifference allowed the crime of genocide to be committed. Mr. Hausner admits that it was easy to convict Eichmann. "But", he writes,

> I knew we needed more than a conviction; we needed a living record of a gigantic human and national disaster, though it could never be more than a feeble echo of the real events. I decided, after I had had the opportunity to go deeper into the matter, to call many more than the thirty-odd witnesses proposed. . . .

After enumerating the various groups whom he hoped to instruct by the trial ("our people at home", "the teenagers of Israel", "the world at large"), he states: "In any criminal proceedings, the proof of guilt and the imposition of a penalty, though all-important, are not the exclusive objects. Every trial also has a correctional and educational aspect." Quite so. But the enforcement of justice must not become secondary to other aims. Yet, from the point of view of outraged humanity, not to mention the view of world Jewry, one feels that Mr. Hausner's conduct of the case for the prosecution was right. The crimes committed by Eichmann, like those committed by the Auschwitz guards brought to trial in Frankfurt, were of such enormity and bestiality that the human mind, not attuned to murder by the million, refuses to grasp them. Anne Frank is more real and relevant to our experience than the countless and nameless millions who perished in the east. Death and torture on such a scale no longer affect the normal functioning of human feeling on the part of the guards, on that of the prisoners and of those who read and think about it today. Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel in *The Incomparable Crime* illustrate this insensitivity rather well by quoting the case of Captain John Newton, an English slave trader, who wrote the hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear", while waiting for a cargo of his slaves to arrive. Newton, who later took holy orders, noted that the slave trade "renders most of those engaged in it too indifferent to the sufferings of their fellow creatures".

Mr. Hausner conducted the case for the prosecution, on behalf of the six million accusers whose "ashes were piled up in the hills of Auschwitz and in the fields of Treblinka, or wasted away by the rivers of Poland", with considerable skill. But rather less than half of his book is concerned with the trial. The rest tells the story of the extermination of the Jews and points an accusing finger at the Allied Powers and, of course, at the Pope. He even gives us a few words on the origins of anti-semitism and comes out with the amazing and totally erroneous view that in the German-speaking countries anti-semitism was much more. There it had been for centuries an important factor in intellectual and political life. During the Dark Ages these lands were the classical centres of oppression". What about twelfth-century England or the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella, or France during the Dreyfus case, or Tsarist Russia? History is not Mr. Hausner's strong point.

One result of the Eichmann trial was to flush out from their lairs a number of Nazi criminals. Twenty-two guards from Auschwitz went on trial in Frankfurt in December, 1963. Bernd Naumann of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* reported on the trial and most of his articles have now been published in book form. The defendants at Frankfurt were the "little men", not the instigators and the planners of the "final solution". It is generally held that a minor degree of guilt attaches to them. After the Auschwitz trial one is no longer so sure. These men were just as vital for the success of genocide as were those who drew up the plans in their offices. Although service in a concentration camp was not voluntary it was possible to be transferred from this killer's job. One of the witnesses at the trial, to quote just one example, not only got himself transferred from an SS Action Group employed in mass executions on the Russian front, but even went to Berlin in a vain effort to have the order countermanded. The men standing trial in Frankfurt had no great objection to their occupation. Most of them enjoyed it. Instead of the primitive but very widely practised method of shooting, which resulted in "Incidents" both among the executioners and their victims, the more "humane" method of gassing was used in Auschwitz. The only thing that the SS guards had to do after luring their victims into the gas chambers was to drop in the Zyklon B crystals. Other prisoners dragged out the corpses and disposed of them. This removed the murderers from direct contact with their victims and therefore prevented them from "becoming soft and suffering nervous breakdowns" (Himmler). But the court in Frankfurt managed to prove that this is just where the desk murderers were wrong. They had decreed that the prisoners should be killed by gassing either immediately on arrival or after their usefulness as slave labourers had been exhausted. They did not prescribe the innumerable tortures and all the ways in which the prisoners were done to death. No orders had been issued that children should be thrown into the air as shooting-targets or thrown alive into a fire. No one had ordered the defendant Wilhelm Boger to smash a child's head against a wall because he caught him eating an apple. One of the witnesses, a lawyer, was quite right when he suggested that in war crimes trials the defendants should be assumed guilty unless they could prove otherwise. "There was no one there who was not guilty."

Mr. Hausner was deeply upset that the Eichmann tribunal ruled that evidence on Jewish resistance was extraneous to the charge. However, what he was prevented from giving in Jerusalem Michel Borwicz, a Jewish resistance leader in Poland, has now given in a short paperback book. Mr. Borwicz tells the story of the rising in the Warsaw Ghetto by selections from documents and memoirs. It is an excellent little book and describes the utterly hopeless and unbelievably courageous struggle of the Jews most effectively.

Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel try to make sense of this topsy-turvy world. It is no reflection on them to say that they do not succeed. The main part of the book describes some of the mass murderers: Hoess, commandant of Auschwitz, Kramer, the "Beast of Belsen", Irma Grese—whose crimes were committed while she was a minor—and others. These cases, though interesting, have been chosen at random. They prove that such criminal types can sometimes lead normal and useful lives as long as they are not given the opportunity to burst asunder the confining shell of civilization. No doubt such men can be found in every society. It was the Germans, however, who committed these crimes.

JEWISH LAW

BOAZ COHEN: *Jewish and Roman Law.* A Comparative Study. Vol. I. 408pp. Vol. II, pp. 409-897. New York: The Jewish Theological Seminary of America. $15.00.

ZE'EV W. FALK: *Jewish Matrimonial Law in the Middle Ages.* Scripta Judaica VI, 154pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2.

The amount of scholarly publications on post-biblical Jewish law is small in comparison with what is being done in other spheres of legal history, e.g. Roman law, or the laws of the ancient Near East. Moreover, most works are written in Hebrew, the language of part of the sources; this tendency has been furthered by the emergence of Modern Hebrew as the spoken language of a considerable part of the public likely to be interested. The works, in English, of Professor Cohen and Dr. Falk are therefore doubly welcome.

Professor Cohen's book is a collection of twenty-three papers in English and two in Hebrew, published over a period of more than twenty years in a variety of learned journals. In these the author discusses topics in the sphere of jurisprudence, the law of persons, property, and procedure. They are all examined from a comparative point of view—juxtaposing Jewish and Roman sources. This common factor causes some repetition, since the author is wont to start by explaining and justifying his method. Professor Cohen's essays may serve to bring Jewish law to the notice of the Romanist, as well as Roman law to that of the scholar inquiring into Jewish law. The author's practice of giving terms and passages in Hebrew script without transliteration may hamper and irritate readers not familiar with the language. Some fifty pages of addenda attempt to bring the papers up to date; detailed indexes add to the usefulness of the book.

Of a very different nature is Dr. Falk's work. This is the English version of a doctoral thesis on eleventh and twelfth-century reforms in the family law of German-French Jewry. The most significant of these are the ban on polygamy and far-reaching changes in the law of divorce, which in fact (though not in form) comes to be based on the consent of the spouses. Dr. Falk examines these reforms in the light of the emerging Christian family law, and he is often able to point to likely outside influences. He does so with caution, paying due attention to corresponding tendencies discernible in earlier Jewish sources and yet showing, on the whole convincingly, why the reforms are unlikely to be the result of independent development, but are rather derived from the Christian environment, or at least furthered and brought to maturity by it.

COMPREHENSIVE

Teaching in Comprehensive Schools. A second report by the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools. 174pp. Cambridge University Press. 17s. 6d. (Paperback 12s. 6d.)

The Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools has surveyed the working of a number of comprehensive schools in which its members work. Their report provides basic and important details of the size and variety of the schools and the nature of their teaching programmes. One of the most interesting implications of their work is that the schools are smaller than most people realize and that the problem of size is one which affects the teachers more than the taught. Great efforts are made in all the schools surveyed here to ensure the children have some personal relationship with members of the staff, and a wide variety of solutions have been adopted to the problem of isolation and loneliness, ranging from the house system to the tutorial system, or to a system whereby teachers in different years look after their children (as in the old system of form-masters).

There is a detailed survey of the way in which the academic programme of the school is organized, which shows impressively how varied the offerings in a typical comprehensive school may be. Particularly at the sixth-form level, the range and variety of the courses offered, which goes far beyond the A level, seems to be particularly striking. Half the schools surveyed in the report are in special purpose-built buildings, the remainder are in buildings which have been either enlarged or developed, particularly from other selective schools, seven of them grammar schools. Strangely enough, many of the teachers prefer schools to which additions and enlargements are made after the school has opened, because it enables them to have a school which is ultimately even more "purpose-built" than one which is originally purpose-built. This perhaps gives a more optimistic tone to the present process of comprehensive reorganization than *a priori* reasoning would suggest.

The material on which the study is based is a survey of a comparatively large number of teachers in the comprehensive schools, necessarily men, although some of them work in mixed schools. This was followed by a series of conferences and discussions, so that there is a texture of feeling and understanding about the report which raises it considerably above many books based upon simple questionnaires. The tone of optimism which runs through the report is particularly surprising. It seems to be felt, especially by those staff members who have come over from grammar schools, that there has been no serious decline in the quality of academic work; indeed, that there has been a much broader range of courses offered in comprehensive schools than was customary some years ago in grammar schools. Further, a change of opinion seems to have occurred in that the academic teachers in comprehensive schools are gainst rapidly accelerated-specialization, bringing the boys and girls up to O and A level early, and in favour of trying to broaden and deepen the courses while maintaining the customary [illegible] through the school. [illegible] seems to be overcoming [illegible] success of the schools [illegible] middle range of pupils [illegible] would have been in the [illegible] the grammar schools or [illegible] of the secondary modern [illegible] and, indeed, the report [illegible] about the lowest ability [illegible] discusses, on the basis [illegible] understanding of the [illegible] advantages of mixed [illegible] of setting and even of [illegible] certainly seems as though [illegible] early years at least it [illegible] run the comprehensive [illegible] no serious disadvantage [illegible] pupils and with some [illegible] tages for most of them [illegible] which avoids any rigid [illegible] setting by ability: [illegible] matics and English it [illegible] to have a wider range [illegible] in one class than [illegible] thought.

The work of the remedial [illegible] ments is discussed with [illegible] though there appears [illegible] contradiction between [illegible] beginning and end—[illegible] first that the remedial [illegible] will have a core of children [illegible] places the blame [illegible] remedial department's [illegible] after a great many [illegible] periodically, for one [illegible] another, find that they [illegible] in coping with their [illegible] school life in general [illegible] view is by far the most [illegible] among the best-informed [illegible] experienced of the remedial [illegible] in other words, there is no [illegible] why there should be a [illegible] remedial class for each [illegible] school which always [illegible] lowest ability children, [illegible] children who are in difficulties [illegible] will, of course, often [illegible] children of the lowest ability [illegible] will come to the remedial [illegible] intermittently for further work [illegible]

It is fairly clear that the [illegible] the school and the fact [illegible] schools very often work [illegible] of buildings which were [illegible] built, has added to the [illegible] teachers, all of whom find [illegible] under professional challenge [illegible] in that they are dealing [illegible] types of children with [illegible] have not dealt before. [illegible] lent report wisely points [illegible] the pace of introduction of [illegible] prehensive schools spread [illegible] highly motivated teachers [illegible] brought in, and the [illegible] formance and enthusiasm [illegible] On the other side, perhaps [illegible] most impressive is the [illegible] range of out-of-school activities [illegible] the evidence which the [illegible] of the vitality and enjoyment [illegible] of the children in [illegible] schools. This side of [illegible] handicapped by [illegible] scarcities of equipment [illegible] and it is to be hoped that [illegible] be an increasing tendency [illegible] the schools to spend more [illegible] equipment of various [illegible] even at the expense of [illegible] the recruitment of teachers [illegible]

EXCLUSIVE

J. D. R. MCCONNELL: *Eton—How It Works.* 213pp. Faber and Faber. 28s.

Mr. McConnell, an Eton housemaster, was impelled to write his book because he felt that the school and its objects were continually being misrepresented, but to claim, as the blurb does, that it "is the first book to give the outside world a true picture of how Etonians spend their daily lives" is less than fair to *A Dame's Chronicle*. Remove topical references to Dusty Springfield, P. J. Proby, Carnaby Street (it had nothing on Montem fashions) and the Kinsey report, and the rest is not vastly different from Eric Parker's *Floreat*.

Mr. McConnell writes well and with feeling of what Eton has to offer to each boy: a room of his own, however small; and, more valuable in after life, much spare time and an enormous amount of work to fit into it. On a half-holiday afternoon, boys of one House, besides playing several kinds of football, may be visiting old friends in the back streets of Windsor, work-studying the school messenger system, going round a factory, tending a sick beagle, dissecting a motor-cycle, throwing a pot. Their Housemaster is expected to take an intelligent interest in each pursuit.

There are signs of change. For the first time within memory the majority of Eton parents and Eton masters (including Mr. McConnell) are not O.E.s. Yet the teaching of French, for example, is still "a chaos" and based on written, rather than oral, examinations. A French accent is still thought affected—a legacy from the preparatory schools? Mr. McConnell makes the point that the denial of ten cigarettes and a pint of beer a day from an early age (or of a large car) could provide funds for an Eton education for all kinds of people. Yet expensive preparatory schools still supply most Eton fodder.

Eton at first refused to accept O [illegible] of education. This has [illegible] right and the school [illegible] charts show, most [illegible] Its own in state-educated [illegible] leges often give a more [illegible] candidate the benefit [illegible] doubt, especially over a [illegible] Modern professions [illegible] as well as the arts [illegible] and Glass-and-Coverup [illegible] tics, are said to [illegible] fall for the tongue-[illegible] than of Fellows. Even [illegible] Fleming Report few things [illegible] disappointing that the [illegible] authorities (Hertfordshire [illegible] to fill places at Eton [illegible] will not escape the [illegible] Commission. Etonians [illegible] will shortly have to [illegible] way out of some [illegible] If their school can [illegible] them how to do so [illegible] be taken over by [illegible]

MIXED-UP MYSTICS

SIDNEY SPENCER: *Mysticism in World Religion.* 363pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

HILDA GRAEF: *The Story of Mysticism.* 296pp. Peter Davies. 30s.

These two books invite a "compare and contrast" treatment, so strictly typical are they of two attitudes towards mysticism—the broadly differentist and the exclusive Roman Catholic. Before proceeding to discuss them, however, one minor point should perhaps be noted. Mr. Spencer's book is advertised as being "first published in Great Britain in 1966". This seems odd since the very same book was published as a Pelican original in 1963 at the modest price of 7s. 6d.

The Pelican book was reviewed at some length in these columns shortly after publication. Suffice it to say now that the present hard-cover edition seems to be precisely the same book. Nothing seems to have been changed, no mistakes altered—not even the grotesque "Ishraq al-Aqtul" on page 312—no additions made to the select bibliography. The ground covered, therefore, is the same: all the world religions are included and the treatment of each follows the standard English second-hand sources. Little account is taken of the French contribution, almost none at all of the German. Mysticism is still very loosely defined as "an immediate contact with the Transcendent" and is thus not distinguished from prophecy in order to include the Jewish contribution.

Mr. Spencer's contention is that because mysticism shows uniform patterns wherever it turns up, it must always run the risk of coming into conflict with organized religion. But this is very much more true of some religions (Islam, for instance, which sets an unbridgeable gulf between God and man) than of others (such as Catholicism, for which the idea of God made man implies the corollary that man can be made God).

Miss Graef, by contrast, belongs to the Catholic right. For her, "Christian mysticism [is] radically different from all other forms of mysticism" because through the Incarnation matter is sanctified and this "must have a tremendous influence on the mystical life" (pages 30-31). Miss Graef is right: this is the *logical* corollary of the Incarnation, but her own book—which incidentally is in no sense a "Story of Mysticism" but rather a "Story of *Catholic* Mysticism" (Anglicans and Protestants are not included)—readily belies her own premises. Even more dubious is her assertion that "Christian mysticism can never renounce the duty of loving one's neighbour" (page 32). One has only to read her book, which is honest enough to include the more anti-social mystical saints, to realize that this is at most a half-truth. The problem, of course, for the Christian mystic is how to reconcile total detachment from creatures (perhaps *the* great mystical dogma) with an active love of those very creatures, and Dom John Chapman would seem to be nearer the truth when he says: "The problem of reconciling mysticism with Christianity is difficult."

Miss Graef is a convert, and she is speaking to the converted. The mystical saints, she admits, frequently speak in a way that seems to conflict with the orthodox view that the soul, though created "in the image of God", is created none the less. She therefore tends to berate the saints (including Ruysbroeck, who did more than anyone to explain so-called "monistic" states of consciousness) for really going a little too far. Like almost all Roman Catholics she is less than fair to the Quietists, quoting from poor Mme. Guyon only what is most likely to shock while failing to point out that her teaching that the soul when in union with God is incapable of sin derives from the Rhenish mystics and particularly perhaps from Suso. Even so, this book is quite a good introduction to Catholic mysticism and will be appreciated by all Catholics who wish to be reassured that their mystics are in fact orthodox. The author, however, would have done well to have omitted her first chapter on non-Christian mysticism, with which she is clearly quite unfamiliar.

One final criticism. It seems clear that Miss Graef's interest begins to flag once she passes the heights of sixteenth-century Spanish mysticism, for she seems to have little sympathy for the admirable St. François de Sales. Yet she does have a chapter on modern times in which she reintroduces us to those very insignificant mystics about whom she wrote in her *Masters of Modern Times*. It does, then, seem incredible that she has nothing at all to say about the one mystic of our times who has really something new to tell us—Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. This is all the more strange in that Teilhard's mysticism makes room for matter as well as for spirit, and this is precisely what Miss Graef considers to be specifically Christian. How far is this true of any of the mystics she discusses?

APPEALING TO HISTORY

JOHN J. NAVONE: *History and Faith in the Thought of Alan Richardson.* 161pp. S.C.M. Press. 30s.

Apologetics and *History, Sacred and Profane*—shows that the appeal to history is not merely concerned with saving the orthodox situation against the attacks of existentialist theologians. It is something much more positive, for, in Dr. Richardson's words,

> When the twin bogeys of scientific objective history and of a "nearly absolute relativism" have been laid, the way is open for the Christian understanding of the disclosure of God's purpose in history, a disclosure which in every generation remains to be rediscovered through the opening of the eyes of faith.

For historical evidence can only require us to ask whether Christ is God: it cannot command the judgment of faith, but it can sufficiently make the judgment consonant with reason. In considering the historical evidence, therefore, Dr. Richardson is far from reducing the role of faith: he insists, rather, that faith must take into account the evidence that exists, evidence that is explicable and has become increasingly so with the passage of time. The continuity of faith is a factor that demands attention, and its direct relation to the historical interpretation of recorded events is itself evidential. For interpretation constitutes history. The events of God's intervention in human history are objects of historical study: they must be looked at in themselves and in their consequences. That they are indeed the acts of God is not susceptible of historical proof. But so to interpret them, inferring their meaning and purpose from the testimony of those who witnessed and recorded them, is wholly consistent with an historical inquiry.

Father Navone's book is more than an eirenical gesture from one Christian allegiance to another. As Dr. Richardson points out in his preface, it is a contribution to forming "a common Christian mind in face of the challenges of twentieth-century thought". The failure of nerve which has marked so much recent theological writing finds a robust and intellectually respectable answer in Dr. Richardson and his interpreter. If, as is so often argued by the "new" theologians, history is irrelevant to Christian theology, it is reasonable to conclude that what is to be believed, however profound its intuitions may be, has no continuity with what has hitherto been known as Christian faith. What is unique about Christianity—what, one must suppose, is the very ground on which it stands—is its historical character; that God intervenes in history through events which—like any other events—are the object of the historian's study. Dr. Richardson provides not merely an apologetic but a valuable reminder of the perennial task of a Christian theologian—to be attentive to the signs of the times, to read them with honesty and respect and not be afraid to see in them a meaning.

POSITIVE LIVING

ROBIN DENNISTON: *Partly Living.* 126pp. Bles. 15s.

A publisher, if he actually reads the manuscripts that are sent to him, should be more aware than most people of what is being written about the confused modern scene. The rest of us read only the books on which we thought the firm's money could be staked, but he knows, or could know, what was in the unpublished and the unpublishable remainder. That from what must at times be a bewildering occupation Robin Denniston emerges unperturbed and with something of his own to say is a considerable achievement, and, perhaps taught by the unpublishable, he says it well and simply. Reading his book it seems as though he had grown weary of the flood of criticism which, particularly in the religious sphere, he is a Christian, only adds to the confusion, and feels that the time will come when someone said, "and so what?"

He feels that "it is not only sensible but imperative to reflect on our *own* experiences" and firmly ask the questions to which those experiences are the result. The result is a profitable and unusual study of serious religious issues, ranging from the problems posed by human personality, family life, or morals to Christology and immortality. The strength of the book arises partly from his work as a publisher, for he has read very widely, even though he rarely refers to authorities, but partly also from the fact that he is a Reader in the Church of England, preaching and taking services in a number of parishes near his home. He writes, as no doubt he preaches, so that he will be understood by ordinary people who are concerned about such questions and are willing to think about them. Clearly he has read the critical books, but he is not overawed by them, and perhaps because as a layman and a Reader he knows the English Church on both sides of the fence he writes with no denigration of the Church which has bred him and which he serves.

There is today a demand for what is called a "lay theology", and the demand seems sometimes to assume that when it appears it will be thoroughly "advanced" and destructive of accepted tradition. The fact is almost certainly quite different, and Mr. Denniston's book is refreshingly positive.

LEST WE FORGET

E. P. DICKIE: *Remembrance.* 127pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

Over the years the Remembrance Day services have gradually become a subject of controversy. Partly this is because the First World War is a matter of real memory only to older people, and even the Second is fast moving into history. To the older people, certainly to those who lost relatives or friends, and who recall the unimaginable horrors of the Kaiser's war, or to whom the shock of the Death Camps and the tragedies of the bombing of Hitler's are still vivid, this seems one of the sadder things of life. A touch of unreality disturbs the tribute of the Remembrance services.

But the criticism is often also of the services themselves. There is the parade of the dwindling local British Legion, a Last Post and Reveille if a bugler can be found, a not always very relevant reading from the Bible by an ex-serviceman, some prayers and hymns, and a sermon very like these by Professor Dickie, though usually the sermon and the prayers will have included some reference to prayer for the peace of the dead which is strangely lacking in this volume. Afterwards on his walk back to his vicarage the parson, still probably a man with his own war memories, wonders unhappily how much the service now means. He has spoken, like Professor Dickie, of thankfulness for the deliverance and of the determination to be worthy of it, but he cannot help reflecting that the world at large pays scant attention to such thoughts. The war in Vietnam is a sobering check on too easy an optimism. Does the world really remember or care, or does it still continue as before with its power politics, while salving a faintly uneasy conscience with the sentimentality of an annual parade service? Is it only an uncertain guess that we may have seen the last European war, but arms-ments, always called now "defence", still proliferate, and is the frightening philosophy of Hitler altogether dead?

Professor Dickie raises none of these questions, but were they never in his mind when he was writing these moving sermons? Nevertheless it could be that these services, in spite of waning numbers and nagging doubts, may do a little to stir productive thought about a most serious aspect of human behaviour, and so bring nearer the advent of a happier world.

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A Deadly Shade of Gold 16/-

ROBERT HALE

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW
No. 652 APRIL 1967 10s.
JOHN SMITH — The Conservative Party in 1966
PAUL DERRICK — The White Paper on Incomes
GORDON V. AXON — The United States Today
D. ST LEGER GORDON — Voice of Nature
DERK HUDSON — Harold Nicolson
W. H. PARKER, M.B.E. — Scott and Russian Literature
R. HOLMES — Shakespeare and Witchcraft
RONALD FEARSALL — A Corner in Gipsies
REV. CANON ADAH FOX, D.D. — The Bible
MONTGOMERY BELGION — Case for Rehabilitating Marshal Pétain
ROBERT SENCOURT — Foreign Policy: an Historic Recollection
Book Reviews
JOHN MURRAY

LABOUR MONTHLY
"A formidable list of contributors" said 'Malcolm Muggeridge in the BBC programme 'Looking Back' when he once described the Editor of *Labour Monthly* for 40 years, R. Palme Dutt.
You can obtain this most widely read political cultural monthly from any bookshop or from: 134, Battersea Lane, N.3.
2s. 6d. monthly. 27s. subscription for 12 months.

TARAPOREVALA'S PUBLICATIONS
Manusmriti (Hindu Art of Love, complete English translation of the authentic original Sanskrit Text by Manmohan, by Dr. S. Kalyanaraman, M.A., LL.B., D.Litt., Ph.D., with 74 line drawings and 96 half-tone illustrations. 168/12/-. You and Your Star (Practical Astrology and Numerology), by Charles. 12/6. Practical Palmistry, by Noel Jaquin. With 42 illustrations. 8/6. Yogic Asanas for Health and Vigour, by Swami Vishnu-devananda. With 22 illustrations. 30/-. Sex Life in Ancient India, by K. M. Kapadia. 50/-. Yogic Home Exercises for Men and Women, by Swami Vishnu-devananda. With 22 illustrations. 30/-. LONDON STOCKISTS: D. B. TARAPOREVALA SONS & CO. PVT. LTD., 10 Alexandra Road, S.W.19.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Art and Architecture

HARASZTI-TAKÁCS, MÁRIASSY. *Spanish Masters.* Translated by Eva Raes. 29pp. 48 plates. Budapest: Corvina Press. London: Clematis Press. 25s.

This volume belongs to a series devoted to paintings in the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts. It is a picture book with an authoritative text presenting a selection of the Museum's large and distinguished collection of Spanish paintings. The introduction gives the history of the collection and a brief survey of the four centuries of painting that it covers. The thirty-seven works reproduced with many details range from the fifteenth century to Goya and include no fewer than seven works by El Greco and his studio. A feature of the collection which makes it of particular historical importance is the large number of signed pictures, not only by El Greco, Zurbarán, Ribera and Goya, but also by less well-known artists such as Tristán, Carreño, Cerezo and Escalante. The texts to the plates briefly combine history and commentary and for further information the reader is referred to the Catalogue of the Gallery and a short bibliography.

SMITH, BRADLEY. *Spain: A History in Art.* 296pp. Harrap. £6 6s.

"Here is the turbulent history of Spain through the ages as seen, remembered and recorded by her artists." This announcement on the jacket of the book makes it clear that it is intended to be a visual chronicle rather than an illustrated history. The author is indeed a well-known photographer of works of art, not an historian. The text which he has compiled ranges from prehistory to the abdication of Alfonso XIII, the 245 works of art reproduced in colour extend from cave paintings to Picasso. The illustrations are unfortunately as varied in quality as they are in subject.

WEST, T. W. *A History of Architecture in Scotland.* 208pp. University of London Press. 21s.

From Skara Brae to Cumbernauld and the latest Glasgow flats, Scotland's buildings offer as varied a spread of styles as in any country of similar size. Mr. West's 115 line-drawings, with thirteen photographs, are a simple but adequate reminder of the unique character of Scottish abbeys, castles and urban architecture. The reminder is timely, since the listing of Scottish buildings is slow and the laws protecting them vague; as a result, works by the Adams, Greek Thomson and Rennie Mackintosh are constantly threatened. Will Mr. West now do the same for the buildings of Wales and Ireland which also know not Pevsner?

Biography and Memoirs

FREWIN, LESLIE. *Dietrich.* 192pp. Leslie Frewin. 30s.

In this revised, updated version of his garrulous but not particularly informative biography *Blond Venus*, Mr. Frewin brings the story of Marlene Dietrich's career up to date, adding details of six more films (he might have remembered a tiny guest appearance in *Paris When It Sizzles*) and further characterful quotes.

KEATS, JOHN. *Howard Hughes.* 304pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 36s.

Howard Hughes's life has been crowded with incident, what with his aeronautical exploits, his much-publicized ventures as a film-maker, and his lengthy career as Hollywood's most eligible divorcee. Mr. Keats runs us painlessly through all this, though he seems a trifle vague on the details of the film-making—no mention is made of James Whale's part in the filming of *Hell's Angels*, and the first director on *Vendetta* is said to be a mysterious personage called "Max Oefuls".

MITCHELL, F. W. *Sir Fred Clarke.* 236pp. Longmans. £2 5s.

At the early age of twenty-six Fred Clarke was appointed Professor of Education at Hartley College, Southampton. Professor Mitchell follows his career in this country, in South Africa, where he showed foresight and courage in his views on race, in Canada and back from the mid-1930s, at the Institute of Education in London. The facts are not digested well enough to make this book pleasant to read, but here and there, mainly in the long quotations from Sir Fred's papers and speeches, we see a flash of the man's quality.

ROSEVEARE, HELEN. *Doctor Returns to Congo.* 112pp. Lutterworth Press. 6s. 6d.

Having survived the terrors of the rebellion in 1964, Dr. Roseveare returned to Congo in 1966 to start work again as a medical missionary. This is the diary of her return, a matter-of-fact description of far from matter-of-fact activities, imbued throughout with the courage and cheerfulness of one for whom God is in an intensely practical sense "a very present help in time of trouble".

Cinema

CARMEN, IRA H. *Movies, Censorship and the Law.* 339pp. University of Michigan Press. London: Cresset Press. £2 10s.

Mr. Carmen's study is confined for practical purposes to the United States. He pursues the chequered history of film censorship, official and unofficial, in various parts of the country, and the complicated legal battles which have little by little defined the censors' position and in most cases cut the ground from under their feet. The book is solid rather than readable, with a mass of footnotes referring us to the relevant court records; not the least interesting section is that transcribing the replies of eight censors of various sorts to a questionnaire designed to sound out attitudes and limitations.

COWIE, PETER. *Swedish Cinema.* 224pp. Zwemmer. 12s. 6d.

More than ninety pages of Mr. Cowie's new book are devoted to Bergman, on whom he has already written extensively. The sections on earlier figures, particularly Sjöberg, who has been somewhat unfairly overshadowed of late, and on such newer directors as Sjöman, Widerberg and Mai Zetterling, are particularly useful, and there are abbreviated filmographies of all the major figures.

Education

DENT, H. C. (Editor) *The Year Book of Technical Education and Careers in Industry, 1967.* 1,362pp. Adam and Charles Black. £2 10s.

Things as they are have been thoroughly checked for the new edition of this well-established and valuable guide. But what about things as they may be? Last year's White Paper on polytechnics has set technical education by the ears. It would be useful to find details of it here. Perhaps future editions of this admirable book of reference could include an annual review.

JEFFREYS, M. V. C. *The Ministry of Teaching.* 72pp. Pitman. 15s.

These essays show Professor Jeffreys as a forceful apologist on matters of principle and as a clear thinker on practical issues. His advice to the School Library Association on the proper use of books as an essential and integral part of education is particularly well put and timely.

History

JENKINS, J. GILBERT. *Chequers.* 182pp. Pergamon Press. £2 2s.

The country home of British Prime Ministers for the past half-century, Chequers had already had a long history, though, as the writer of this first book about the house admits, its owners remained contentedly obscure. There is much original research in Mr. Jenkins's account of the house and its inhabitants down to its reconstruction and presentation to the nation by Lord Lee in 1917. A brief chapter is devoted to the Prime Ministers who have since lived there, and a long and useful one (especially as Chequers is not open to public view) to its architecture and contents.

KERMACK, W. R. *The Scottish Borders (with Galloway) to 1603.* 112pp. Edinburgh: Johnston and Bacon. 10s. 6d.

Border raids and forays fill only a small place in this account of the Border before the union of the Crowns; it is more concerned with the description of local life, abbeys and castles, the clans and the Border lords. Indeed the warlike aspect is rather played down: "there was not the inveterate hatred between Scots and English Borderers which might have been expected, but rather a mutual tolerance", and in summer anyway raiders had other things to do. An earlier Border historian, Edward Aysco, lamented that it was all a tale "of reproach and disgrace one against the other". Mr. Kermack sees it in another aspect.

ROWLANDS, JOHN. *Copper Mountain.* 203pp. Llangefni: Anglesey Antiquarian Society. 20s.

Mr. Rowlands tells the story of copper mining in Anglesey in a manner not too technical to attract the ordinary reader. The social background is stressed, and the influence of the industry on community life. After its eighteenth-century prosperity, when Pennant in 1778 said that on Parys Mountain had been found "the most considerable body of copper ever known", the later history is one of long, slow decline, at least accelerated by foreign imports with a much higher metal content. "Prosperity has never returned." The volume is the first in a specialist series on Anglesey history.

SMITH, DAVID L. *The Dalmellington Iron Company.* Its Engines and its Men. 256pp. David and Charles. 35s.

How the upper Doon (Burns's "Bonnie Doon") in South Ayrshire was developed to win coal and ironstone and the way in which this changed the landscape and the people. This is a skilfully written piece of local history in which the author discusses many aspects of the industrial complex which grew steadily after the 1840s, in particular the railways which served the extensive workings; works engines are never quite like those you see, or used to see on ordinary railway systems, and the Dalmellington stud, as one can tell from their portraits and from Mr. Smith's reminiscences, were individual in both appearance and performance; so were the drivers about whom he writes with a proper relish.

Horticulture

WOOD, HENRY J. *Pelargoniums.* 167pp. Faber and Faber. £2 10s.

Among the host of specialist books for horticulturists this one is characterized by an infectious enthusiasm. It is an invitation to join "the charmed circle" of those for whom "there is no flower to beat this paragon, the pelargonium". Those who grow a few pots of this popular plant for the windowsill may be surprised to discover the range and beauty of its varieties, many of them here shown in colour. Mr. Wood's comprehensive, if rather costly, guide to their cultivation includes everything relevant, lists of pelargonium societies and of nurserymen, and a chapter about colour photography, as well as the practical business of growing the plants.

Music

TERRY, CHARLES SANFORD. *John Christian Bach.* Second edition with a foreword by H. C. Robbins Landon. 56+374pp. Oxford University Press. £2 10s.

Professor Sanford Terry, who held the chair of history at Aberdeen University, produced his authoritative biography of John Sebastian Bach in 1928 and of his son, John Christian, the "London Bach", in 1929. He died in 1936. His book on Christian Bach, which contains a thematic index of his compositions and a well documented history of London musical life in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, has been out of print for some time. The decision to reprint rather than to rewrite is to be commended, for though the criticism in it is subsidiary to the biography, the material is so well ordered that it deserves another period as the standard work on the subject. Some corrections on points of detail that have come to light since Terry wrote have been supplied by Mr. Robbins Landon, who is known as an expert on the period from his work on Haydn. He has also dealt with changes of evaluation of the *Salant* and the rococo styles brought about by changes of fashion, but does not attempt to deny that J.C. is overshadowed by J.S. The satisfactory thing is that J.C. moved out of the shadow cast by his father's genius and made a career for himself on quite different lines. It is regrettable that the corrigenda do not include the wrong numberings (by one) of the illustrations. Otherwise the reappearance of an indispensable book is welcome, all the more in that there are signs of scholarly re-appraisement of the music a paper on his operas, for instance, was read to the Royal Musical Association last session.

Natural History

GEORGIADIS, C. A. W. *S.O.S. Rhino.* 174pp. André Deutsch. 27s. 6d.

S.O.S. Rhino is the seventh in the Survival Books series and as with the previous six a very thorough investigation has gone into the chosen animal this time the rhino. The Javan and Sumatran rhinos seem to be nearest to extinction and as usual man has done his best to bring about this state of affairs, hunting them for their much-prized horn. The longer one studies the illustrations of these hideously attractive creatures (perhaps *jolí laid* would be more apt) the more improbable they seem. Tall, distinguished, short-sighted and enormously strong, to know them is to love them or at least respect them. Though not man-killers by nature, they have been hunted from pillar to post until there are perilously few left. If the author's enthusiasm for their preservation could save them their future would, by now, be secure.

Photography

WOOLLEY, A. E. *Camera Journalism: Reporting with Photographs.* 192pp. Thomas Yoseloff. Distributed by W. H. Allen. £2 10s.

This introduction by an established photojournalist, and a member of Magnum, covers most aspects of its subject including photography for newspapers, magazines and advertising, the virtues needed to become a photojournalist, relations with editors, art directors, writers and agents, and the important matter of markets and their monetary offerings.

The text is supported by many photographs, mainly the author's, a few being in colour. This is neither a striking example of book production nor a major work of literature, but it does offer much clear and useful advice from one who knows for aspirants to an exacting but often rewarding profession. It is, of course, mainly concerned with conditions in the United States.

Religion

MUJEEB, M. *The Indian Muslims.* 590pp. Allen and Unwin. £3 15s.

This lengthy and scholarly book is essential reading for all who wish to understand the Muslim community in India. The author, of the Jamia Millia in New Delhi, has attempted a task which has never before been undertaken, which is to present a portrayal of the life of the Indian Muslim in all its aspects from the time of the advent of Islam in India. The plan of the book is simple and straightforward. The author divides Indian Muslim history into an early, a middle and a modern period and inside this chronological pattern he studies orthodoxy, statesmanship and administration, religious thought, sufism, poets and writers, art and architecture, and social life. Dr. Mujeeb warns his readers against mistaking his evaluation of any one factor in the constituent elements of Muslim religious, political and social life as an evaluation of the whole. He cites as an illustration the fact that in modern times an active and effective section of the orthodox Muslims, while in no wise abandoning their traditional dislike of innovations in religion, were in politics both nationalist and progressive in their attitude. The author is anxious that his readers should withhold judgment on his presentation of the personalities and problems in each of the three periods until the moment when a rounded picture of the entire period emerges. This warning is useful; for so much ground is covered that the temptation to indulge in detailed criticism of particular aspects selected for study is considerable, but it must be resisted if the broad sweep of the books is to be appreciated.

Social Studies

Britain: an Official Handbook. 567pp. H.M.S.O. 32s. 6d.

The *Official Handbook* from the Central Office of Information, now eighteen years old, in its 1967 volume presents its customary survey of life in Britain down to the closing months of last year. There are the usual authoritative accounts of government and industries, defence, religion, sport and recreation.

RUDD, T. N. *Human Relations in Old Age.* 144pp. Faber. 16s.

This is a useful and [illegible] book written by a wife [illegible] who has had a long and [illegible] perience in dealing with the [illegible] their problems. Even [illegible] ditions of many elderly [illegible] under the National Health [illegible] not satisfactory: Dr. Rudd [illegible] why this is so and gives [illegible] gloomy view of the state of [illegible] tric services in many parts [illegible] country. Perhaps he is [illegible] gloomy, for there are distinct [illegible] work for the elderly in [illegible] in a similar excellent fashion [illegible] provided for younger people [illegible] what Dr. Rudd teaches us [illegible] book were to be widely read [illegible] ciated and acted upon many [illegible] unsatisfactory features [illegible] refers could be removed. [illegible] medical references which [illegible] here are apt and well [illegible] Health Visitors and any [illegible] work brings them into [illegible] elderly persons, both [illegible] read Dr. Rudd's work with [illegible] pleasure: moreover, they [illegible] do so.

Travel and Topography

KEAST, ALLEN. *Australia and the Pacific Islands.* Foreword by [illegible] Moorehead. 296pp. [illegible] Hamilton. £5 5s.

"Australia" is the [illegible] lavish series entitled "[illegible] nents We Live On". Earlier [illegible] have dealt with North [illegible] Europe and Africa, and the [illegible] work, covering the rich [illegible] botanical and geological [illegible] the Australasian region, [illegible] the high production [illegible] already set. The illustrations [illegible] 250 of them) are breathtaking [illegible] colour photographs (more than [illegible] are superb, and the text is [illegible] conceived and written [illegible] must be said that, as with [illegible] such works, the scope is [illegible] that it is virtually impossible [illegible] author to penetrate deeply [illegible] one facet of his subject. The [illegible] is primarily an object of [illegible] rather than an encyclopaedic [illegible] ence work; a luxury [illegible] dipped into.

VESEY-FITZGERALD, BRIAN. *Gilbert White and the Parish of the New Forest.* 208pp. [illegible] 25s.

That a book about the New Forest should include Bournemouth and Poole is a reminder how much of the forest area now is officially [illegible] perambulation starts just [illegible] Salisbury, takes us down [illegible] coastal towns and then [illegible] fore returning to explore the [illegible] fauna and flora of the Forest [illegible] Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald is a [illegible] guide, lingering at Fordingbridge [illegible] talk about angling, or at [illegible] to remember the hapless [illegible] Judge Jeffreys' victim, and [illegible] the village pubs repositories [illegible] memory. He has no belief [illegible] dark legend of the making [illegible] Forest; the Conqueror, [illegible] modern successors, myself, [illegible] its area (i.e., that subject [illegible] Forest Laws), without any [illegible] tion of villages. All the [illegible] Saxon gossip built up by [illegible] chroniclers.

World Affairs

JAKANDE, L. K. *The Trial of Chief Awolowo,* 354pp. Secker and [illegible] burg. £2 2s.

Written by one of his fellow [illegible] this is a dockside view of the [illegible] in 1962 and 1963 of Chief Awolowo, [illegible] former premier of Western [illegible] and later Federal Leader of the [illegible] sition. The author is, of course, [illegible] *pris* and early in the book [illegible] gins to hope for a powerful [illegible] tract. For example, the author [illegible] cribes the late Chief Awolowo [illegible] opponent) as "a courageous [illegible] Awolowo in many ways [illegible] witty, politically slippery [illegible] ning, Chief Akintola made [illegible] ambiguity."

Unfortunately this is not [illegible] tained. The bulk of the book [illegible] of verbatim extracts from the [illegible] tracted trial, and commentary [illegible] This is interesting as far as it [illegible] but it tells us little about the [illegible] and ideals of Chief Awolowo [illegible] colleagues that was [illegible] known.

Fiction (continued)

RACE RELATIONS

SIMONE ET ANDRÉ SCHWARZ-BART: *La Mulâtresse solitude: Un Plat de porc aux bananes vertes.* Paris: Seuil. 15 fr. 221pp.

André Schwarz-Bart has said nothing in public since *Le Dernier des Justes* eight years ago, and this rare silence in a suddenly successful writer has inevitably collected like dam water behind his second novel. *Un Plat de porc* in fact opens a cycle of seven novels in which the issue is no longer Jewishness but *négritude*, and which M. Schwarz-Bart is writing with his wife, herself a West Indian. For him Jews and Negroes stand under a common sign, symbolized in this cycle by a marriage between the races, and the final intention is that the seven novels should be seen to link up with *Le Dernier des justes* and with a proposed book about the direct experience of the Nazi camps.

For the time being M. Schwarz-Bart will go on conveying this experience obliquely, by showing how bodies for it exist all around us. The narrator of *Un Plat de porc*, an aged ogress from Martinique, herself inhabits a death camp, only it is known as a *hospice* and it is supported by charity. In it she is surrounded by the undignified relics of our own way of life, tossed away over high walls to feud and dribble their way to the grave. The Negress's name is Marie Monde, an indication that her importance is more than merely racial, and the very sensual language she has preserved from her West Indian childhood enables her to turn the old people of the institution into real grotesques. Their responses to death are squalid and are to be set against Marie's memories of her own grandmother, who died with a dignified concern for ritual details and surrounded by the good humour of her family.

Un Plat de porc lills in very little of the long gap separating Marie Monde from her Martiniquan childhood, but it stays long enough in the West Indies to note some of the subtler imprints of white exploitation. More hopefully it also sees a gathering self-confidence in successive generations; where Marie's grandmother had equated revolt with sin, her mother had merely found it surprising, and when her own story is told it will no doubt show a further advance towards activism. On the strength of *Un Plat de porc* M. Schwarz-Bart's novel cycle promises to be both dignified and readable. If he is to be criticized here it can only be for having chosen to write the book in the first person, for Marie Monde's mind soars so fluently and richly that it is hard when we are asked every now and again to replace it in her derelict body; this would seem to open the way to those awkward charges of an identification with the Negro's situation which is too lyrical to be wholly in good faith.

SCOTS OATS

HUGH C. RAE: *Night Pillow.* 239pp. Anthony Blond. 25s.

Night Pillow begins with a rape which the girl enjoys. An arbitrary, sensational way to set off a chain of improbable coincidences but it is central to what Mr. Rae goes on to say. It underlines the hatred and violence which simmer and intermittently erupt in the slums of Glasgow which he is very good at describing.

The blurb belligerently states that Glasgow is a city where "for strange semi-political reasons, the probing eye of B.B.C. Documentary cameras is not allowed to reveal what it exposes". Be that as it may, the author casts plenty of light on welfare-state boredom as well as on the underground lives of Glasgow's demi-hooligans. Alice, the raped girl, becomes pregnant and is married by her conscientious boyfriend Malcolm. A student teacher with a forceful Mum, and now saddled with a child-wife he can't reach and a baby which clearly is not his, Malcolm is a nicely drawn character. But the best relationships in this tense book are the blood ones, between Jacko, the kid who did the rape, and his gentler brother George, between Alice and her Christian brother Douglas, and, most important, between Leishman, Alice's resentful bully of a father, and the rest of his family.

HOT, COLD AND COOL

NAT HENTOFF: *Call the Keeper.* 116pp. Secker and Warburg. 21s.

Nat Hentoff, best known as a jazz writer, offers a cold, frightening tale organized around an area of New York life totally dominated by race and skin-colour. The two principal narrators are Randal—a white jazz musician who lives fairly easily among anti-white Negroes—and Billy, a Negro assistant on a radio station, who is helping neurotic Thomas (a white man) tape a documentary about New York violence. Thomas is sleeping with Billy's sister, Dianne, a fact resented by a villainous Negro policeman, a corrupt persecutor who is mysteriously murdered. The observers, Billy and Randal, are very cool; so is Dianne, in a hopeless way. No one else is.

Two more Negro characters are John the Avenger, an amateur terrorist, and Septimus, a sadistic psychopath. The "keeper" of the title is another policeman, a dislikeable Jewish intellectual, who is eventually recognized by the limp men of good will as being necessary in their jungle. This policeman is less life-like, more obviously symbolic than the rest. They are real enough, and their actions could be taken as a convincing documentary, but they seem quite out of touch with most people's idea of reality. The novel is neat, stony, miserable, much of it written in the rather devitalizing "hip" dialect, particularly apt for these lost souls.

CRIMINALLY SHORT

C. CLINTON-BADDELEY: *Death's Bright Dart.* 190pp. Gollancz. 16s.

A conference on deadly poisons is held in a Cambridge college and the death-rate among the delegates is high. Mr. Clinton-Baddeley's first thriller is old-fashioned and somewhat amateur, but as likeable as his old-fashioned amateur detective, an urbane elderly fellow of the college.

JOHN and EMERY BONETT: *This Side Murder.* 202pp. Michael Joseph. 25s.

Can traduction of the dead be redressed? This is the perenially interesting peg on which the Bonetts hang their Spain-based detective story, a good solid example of the classic kind, properly clued and properly literate.

E. V. CUNNINGHAM: *Helen.* 185pp. André Deutsch. 21s.

This barely disguised Las Vegas the judge is killed by a girl whose record shows her to be a Polack tart, a school dropout, a low I.Q., and syphilitic. But the girl the honest lawyer is set by the Syndicate to defend is, for all she has the same fingerprints, stunningly healthy, intelligent, moral. If E. V. Cunningham had found a rational way to resolve the contradiction, the story would have been first-class for setup; but the author has preferred the supernatural to reason, leaving only, for rational readers, a hideous indictment of a Syndicate-run American town.

IAN HAMILTON: *The Man with the Brown Paper Face.* 224pp. Constable. 21s.

Why is Our Hero prowling round Sydney back gardens with a brown-paper bag over his head? Not because he is a television star looking for a programme; no, indeed, he is also a tough golden-hearted womanizing amateur investigator, seeking through thick, thin and a garbage tip, the lost divorce detective. Solid, fast and exciting.

PHILIP LORAINE: *W.I.L. One to Curtis.* 233pp. Collins. 16s.

A pleasing book in that We (a group of blackmailed ordinary people) defeat Them (the semi-official secret organization behaving as beastlily as usual). But, for the present at least, high moral tone is seldom as gripping as low, and here basic improbability is insufficiently beaten down by compulsive reading.

PATRICIA MOYES: *Murder Fantastical.* 255pp. Collins. 16s.

The Lucky Dip overturned, the village fête in chaos, the murder an accident, the accidental death a murder, and dire doings back in darkest Africa; Inspector Tibbett solves some exceptionally well-clued mysteries.

STELLA PHILLIPS: *Down to Death.* 192pp. Robert Hale. 15s.

An old-style detective story pleasantly set in a Devon village where Ruth Fielding, painfully recovering from her husband's sudden death, keeps the village inn and receives there old friends among whom deaths strike.

RICHARD RAINE: *A Wreath for America.* 244pp. Heinemann. 25s.

In a thriller whose quality recalls Gavin Lyall's, and not only for its unusual setting on the Danish-German border, Mr. Raine writes thrilling sophisticated suspense on one of the very latest of line-ups in fictional enmities—Industrial America versus Europe.

HOLLY ROTH: *Button, Button.* 184pp. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

Miss Holly Roth's gift is that of elegant plotting, which in her new novel leads to nice use of the triple take. The charmingly rube investigator from Oklahoma comes to New York to try to discover why the well-liked young businessman killed his uncle and a planeload of others, leaving behind him a trail a child could follow.

BILL TURNER: *Bound to Die.* 223pp. Constable. 21s.

Evelyn the schoolgirl from the broken home, subject to crushes on men she has barely seen, in adolescent revolt against her "model" mother, is found dead and mutilated. Evelyn's latest crush is the obvious suspect, the resigned reporter with his souvenir spike. The police, according to their temperamental bents, hound him or try to clear him. The mother, the townspeople, the slum children and the outsiders add their prejudices and hatreds.

This is an unusually good crime novel (Mr. Turner's first); the people—the mother in particular—extremely well developed and a long way from stock. The action is nicely timed and the solution horrible, unexpected, and yet plausible.

COLIN WATSON: *Lonelyheart 4122.* 186pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

After the impassioned tenseness of most thrillers it is a pleasure to relax with Colin Watson's genial cautionary tale of the biter bit in a provincial town—the biter being a floridly wooing letter-writer preying on matrimonially-minded ladies of uncertain age, and the putative bitee a prospective spouse who is charmingly other than she seems to the wooer or, indeed, to the police.

Letters to the Editor (continued)

MALCOLM LOWRY

Sir,—May I add a footnote to the very interesting and well-informed front-page article about Malcolm Lowry that you published recently when reviewing his *Selected Letters*, published by Jonathan Cape and edited by Harvey Breit and Margery Bonner Lowry? In one of these, dated June 22, 1946, and addressed to Albert Erskine of his American publisher Reynal & Hitchcock, Lowry wrote that "The first and only real version" (of *Ultramarine*) was lost by Chatto & Windus and I rewrote it in two months from notes salvaged from a waste paper basket and a few published bits". This is not quite accurate.

What happened was this. On the afternoon of October 2, 1932, I was due to go on holiday from Chatto's, in which I was then the very junior partner. I set off for Scotland in an old open 3-litre Bentley, of which in my salad days I was the proud possessor, and while proceeding north up St. Martin's Lane (a thing you could happily still do at that time) I dropped off at the office to make a telephone call. The switchboard was immediately inside the front door, and my call took no more than a couple of minutes to make; but when I came out my suitcase had disappeared from the Bentley's back seat on which, in default of a boot, I had left it. In it was the MS. of *Ultramarine*.

I was duly dismayed at its loss, though rather less so, I must confess, than at the loss of a fair slice of my personal belongings. It was, after all, merely a typescript, of which the author was liable to have a carbon. So I reported the loss to my senior partners, we alerted the police, and arranged for a suitable reward to be advertised in a number of appropriate places. When, after a reasonable interval, nothing whatever had been heard of my suitcase or its contents, I had perforce to break the news to Malcolm. And of course, being Malcolm, he had *no* carbon. But being already accident-prone I suspect that he was as much invigorated as alarmed by the news. Could he possibly rewrite the book? Yes, he thought, given time he could. So we arranged to pay him a weekly stipend for however long it took him to do so.

All this happened at the end of October, 1932. Towards the end of December I suddenly received an urgent message from Malcolm asking me to meet him at a local pub. There, after nearly half-an-hour of mysterious silence, during which numerous pints of bitter were downed without Malcolm divulging the reason for this meeting, he suddenly came out with the following story. He had gone home to try to reconstruct *Ultramarine*, but had found it quite impossible to work there. He had then visited, in turn, half-a-dozen places in which he had written parts of the book, in the hope that local inspiration would stimulate memory. All to no purpose. Finally he had gone to stay with the friend in whose house—somewhere near Birmingham, I think—he had finished the book. Upon explaining the reason for his visit, the friend went straight to a drawer and pulled out a bundle of heavily corrected half-sheets of typescript. It was the torn-up draft of *Ultramarine*, rescued from the waste paper basket into which Malcolm had thrown it after typing out a fair copy.

People who are accident-prone nearly always believe in miracles. It is the other side of the same medal. So ter Malcolm this unexpected resurrection of his book was a miracle that he hugged to his heart so closely that it temporarily bereft him of speech. Typically, when at length he was able to unburden himself, he bagged me not to let Chatto's feel obliged to publish *Ultramarine* because of what had happened; only if we really believed in its merits and its chances of success. In point of fact we had already, on December 21, made an offer to Lowry's agent, John Farquharson, on the strength of the report that Clifford Witting (who was then Chatto's reader) had written back in September when the original manuscript first came in. In this he said "This is an unsatisfactory work because it is potentially so good and so original." Then after praising its originality but criticising its lack of form, he went on: "The man has a real flair for reporting, in which he is brilliant, and he has an ear for conversation which is remarkable. My conclusions are these: (1) I agree with I.M.P. that we should do him, for his potentiality only a typescript, of which the author is liable to have a carbon. So I reported the loss to my senior partners, we alerted the police, and arranged for a suitable reward to be advertised in a number of appropriate places. When, after a reasonable interval, nothing whatever had been heard of my suitcase or its contents, I had perforce to break the news to Malcolm. And of course, being Malcolm, he had *no* carbon. But being already accident-prone I suspect that he was as much invigorated as alarmed by the news. Could he possibly rewrite the book? Yes, he thought, given time he could. So we arranged to pay him a weekly stipend for however long it took him to do so.

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I quote this, with Mr. Warner's kind permission, not in order to claim credit for our joint perceptiveness, but to explain why the book was eventually published by Jonathan Cape. Malcolm genuinely wanted to relieve us of any sense of obligation to publish *Ultramarine* unless we were *wholly* enthusiastic about it, and was respectful of his generosity in the only way we could, by withdrawing. It also explains why I'm tolerably certain that the published version didn't differ materially from the original manuscript, despite Malcolm's reference to "the only real version" and his subsequent plan to rewrite the book. But he was writing fourteen years after the event. Moreover I have just recently confirmed with Frank Taylor, who published *Under the Volcano* in America, that the story as Malcolm subsequently told it to him was substantially as I have given it above. Why on earth I should have been taking away on holiday a manuscript I had already read remains a mystery; an excess of zeal, no doubt, for which I was suitably rewarded.

IAN PARSONS.

Chatto and Windus Ltd., 40 to 42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

POETRY IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sir,—The quotation from the late C. D. Abbott's *Poets at Work* in your valuable front article "Poetry in the Public Library" on March 9, 1967, is a little unfair both to Mr. Abbott and the Lockwood Memorial Library of the State University of New York at Buffalo. His paragraph which praises poets issued by reputable publishers goes on immediately to qualify this statement by adding, "More than one respected poet has started his career with a volume released under questionable auspices".

Mr. Abbott issued his volume in 1948, and his practice became increasingly modified by the perfectly obvious guideline of the poet's intrinsic worth; so the Lockwood Collection owns *all* the volumes issued (to mention a few instances) Swallow, Cuala, The Three Mountains Press, the Parton Press, the Fortune Press, Fulcrum, Turret Books, the Four Seas Press, the Alcestis Press, the Cummington Press. The Cleaners' Press in Galveston published Basil Bunting in 1950; the Contact Publishing Company published William Carlos Williams in 1922.

The Fantasy Press issued literally dozens of the more important English poets, printing selections while they were still Oxford undergraduates (examples: Geoffrey Hill, Anthony Thwaite, George Macbeth, Elizabeth Jennings).

The number of privately printed or handprinted volumes issued at the author's expense is infinite. Mr. Abbott considered the encouragement of poets a necessary function of the collection. There were very few instances in which he did not buy a new poet's work and give whatever encouragement he could by writing to the poet and buying subsequent volumes, regardless of where or how they were published. On my assumption of the directorship in 1960, I, of course, continued to be dictated by Mr. Abbott's wisdom and the Curator of the Poetry Collection assiduously follows all the publicity about new books of verse. We presently shelve approximately 30,000 volumes (including pamphlets but excluding broadsides) written in English by poets of the twentieth century. We continue to buy all the "little" magazines we know of as well as a great deal of ephemera.

OSCAR A. SILVERMAN.

The Lockwood Library, State University of New York at Buffalo, Buffalo, New York.

POMPONAZZI AND OTHERS

Sir,—I have only just seen the *TLS* of December 22, 1966, in which your reviewer, writing about Kristeller's *Eight Philosophers of the Italian Renaissance* complained about the omission of the bibliography from my recent translation of Garin's *Italian Humanism*. The reason for the omission is that the *Nota bibliografica* of the 1952 Italian edition, Laterza, Bari, is not really a bibliography: "Si tratta di indicazioni essenziali, a di testi usati nel corso del lavoro e non esplicitamente citati; solo di questo." Page 281.

PETER MUNZ.

Department of History, The University, Wellington, New Zealand.

TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY

Sir,—In order to prevent disappointment and frustration, may I please use the hospitality of your columns to ask any potential users of this library during the coming summer to get in touch with the librarian by letter first? Even now, extensive rebuilding operations make some of our earlier collections, such as that of Henry Fagel, inaccessible to scholars, but in July we propose to close down the whole library system, except perhaps for the Manuscripts Room, for about five weeks in order to allow us to move into our new library building as expeditiously as possible. We regret this temporary inconvenience, but the greatly improved service which we expect to be able to offer from about mid-August onwards will, we believe, make it well worthwhile.

P. J. E. HURST.

The Library, Trinity College, Dublin.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LIBRARIANS

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified LIBRARIANS for the POST of TRAVELLING LIBRARIAN at Kempston (near Bedford). Salary within Scale £820 to £1,220 per annum. Applications considered from students expecting to qualify in July. Approved removal expenses paid. Temporary housing accommodation may be available.

Details and application forms from the Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 6th May, 1967.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BIRKENHEAD

PUBLIC LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

CHIEF CATALOGUER (A.P. IV £1,385-£1,665)

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above POST. The appointment will be subject to the N.J.C. Scheme of Conditions of Service and to the passing of a medical examination. Application naming two referees to the Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Birkenhead, by the 29th April, 1967. Relationship to members or senior officers of the Council must be disclosed.

BISHOP GROSSETESTE COLLEGE LINCOLN

Principal, Miss J. E. Skinner, M.A.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, vacant in September, 1967. Salary within grade APT II to III according to qualifications and experience.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary. Applications should reach the college not later than April 29th, 1967.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POST in the County Library Service:—

MOBILE LIBRARIAN, Bletchley. A.P.T. I/II, £820 to £1,220 per annum.

N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination.

In approved cases the County Council makes a grant towards removal expenses up to a maximum of £100.

Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Applications (no forms), with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 27th April, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF CAMDEN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT (Lending or Reference Departments). Salary in accordance with A.P. Grades II and III, i.e., £1,020 to £1,435 per annum plus London Weighting Allowance. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians (commencing at A.P. Grade III) or have taken Part II (Final) of the Library Association Examination.

Apply by letter with full particulars, and the names of two referees to the Town Clerk (T.L.), Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1. Closing date 26th April.

BOROUGH OF CHELTENHAM

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

CHIEF ASSISTANT

Salary up to £1,665 per annum

APPLICATIONS invited from Chartered Librarians by 22nd April, 1967.

Assistance with removal expenses and housing if required.

Further particulars and conditions from:—

A. A. CRABTREE, Town Clerk. Municipal Offices, Cheltenham.

BOROUGH OF DARTFORD

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Vacancy for SENIOR ASSISTANT—Reference Library. Salary: Grade A.P. III (£1,295 to £1,510, including pluses). Applicants must be Chartered Librarians or have passed Part II (Final) examination of the Library Association. Housing accommodation or mortgage facilities provided if required, and part removal expenses paid.

Further particulars and application form from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Dartford, Kent, to whom applications should be returned by 6th May, 1967.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG, Town Clerk.

BOROUGH OF ECCLES

SENIOR ASSISTANT/READERS' ADVISER

APPLICATIONS are invited for this appointment from Chartered Librarians. Duties include responsibility for assistance to readers, library cooperation, stock revision, &c. Salary in accordance with A.P. Grades III/IV (£1,180 to £1,665).

Detailed applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees to be forwarded to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Eccles, before the 28th April, 1967.

NORMAN MITCHELL, Town Clerk. Town Hall, Eccles, Manchester.

LIBRARIANS

COUNTY BOROUGH OF HARTLEPOOL

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the appointment of DEPUTY DIRECTOR of the PUBLIC LIBRARIES, MUSEUM, and ART GALLERY.

The salary offered is in accordance with A.P.T. Grade III/IV (£1,220 to £1,665 per annum) and the appointment is superannuable and subject to the passing of a medical examination.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, must reach the undersigned not later than Wednesday, 26th April, 1967.

ERIC J. WAGGOTT, Town Clerk.

HINCKLEY URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Salary within the special grade for Librarians, £820 to £1,220 per annum.

Applications giving details of experience, age, qualifications, together with the names and addresses of two referees should reach the Librarian, Central Library, Station Road, Hinckley, Leicestershire, by 24th April, 1967.

BOROUGH OF HYTHE

APPOINTMENT OF BOROUGH LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above POST on A.P. III-IV (£1,220-£1,665) commencing according to experience and qualifications. Duties will commence on 1st July, 1967, when the present holder retires.

The new library was built in 1963 and provides well-used services in pleasant surroundings. Estimate for book purchases for 1967-68 is £4,000. The percentage of registered readers to population is about 54.

The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, the National Scheme of Conditions of Service, medical examination and two months' notice on either side. 100 per cent mortgage facilities will be available if desired.

Applications, stating age, details of experience, qualifications, present and past appointments, present salary and naming two referees, to be sent to reach the undersigned by 24th April, 1967.

Applicants should disclose any relationship to members or senior officers of the Council. Canvassing will disqualify.

J. NOWELL, Town Clerk. Municipal Offices, Hythe, Kent.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of LENDING and REFERENCE LIBRARIAN, at the County Library Headquarters, Newtown. Salary A.P. III (£1,220 to £1,435).

Applications, with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned, from whom further particulars are available, by not later than Monday, 24th April, 1967.

J. A. DAVIES, Director of Education. County Offices, Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

LIBRARIANS

LONDON BOROUGH OF MERTON

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for the undermentioned POST.

SENIOR ASSISTANT (Wimbledon Reference Library).

Salary will be on Librarians' Grade entry point to be determined by qualifications and experience.

A five-day working week is in operation with alternate Saturdays off duty.

The Council is prepared to consider any application for a contribution towards the payment of removal expenses, and mortgage facilities will be made available where the need is established.

Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Borough Librarian, Merton Cottage, Church Path, Merton Park, London, S.W.19, to be returned not later than the 29th April.

SYDNEY ASTIN, Town Clerk.

NORFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS invited for the following POSTS:

(a) MOBILE LIBRARIAN based on Norwich (Two posts)

(b) MOBILE LIBRARIAN based on Downham Market (West Norfolk)

Special Scale Chartered Librarians, £1,060 to £1,435. Partially qualified, £820 to £1,220.

Grant towards removal expenses.

Application forms and particulars of post from Chief Education Officer to be returned by 28th April.

F. LINCOLN RALPHS, Chief Education Officer.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM

THE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of GRADUATE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in charge of periodicals and government publications. Candidates should have a good honours degree. Professional qualifications and appropriate library experience will be additional recommendations. Salary will be within the range £1,105 by £75 to £1,180 by £80 to £1,500 (Bar) by increments to £2,270. Forms of application and further details, returnable not later than 28th April, from the Registrar.

LIBRARIAN ...

BOROUGH OF PE...

PUBLIC LIBRA...

APPLICATIONS are invited ... Librarians, preferably male, ... ence work, for the following ... viz.:—CHIEF ASSISTANT.

The salary will be within ... (£1,220 to £1,435) and a ... removal expenses will be paid.

The appointment will be subject ... notice on either side; to the ... of Conditions of Service and the ... ment Superannuation Acts.

Applications, stating age, ... experience, together with the ... of two referees, should be ... signed by not later than 28th April ...

T. O. WHEALE, Town Clerk. Municipal Buildings, ...

BOROUGH OF ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

PUBLIC LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited ... of BRANCH LIBRARIAN ...

Salary will be within the ... to £1,435 (minimum £1,060 ... rarians), according to qualifications ...

Applications, stating age, ... perience and names of two referees ... the Borough Librarian, ... Pleasant, Tunbridge Wells, ... 1967.

M. J. H. GIRLING, Town Clerk.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF RHODESIA

APPLICATIONS are invited ... CHIEF CATALOGUER ... (sub-librarian grade): ... per annum. Experience ... ledge of library department ... ability to organize and supervise ... clerical staff essential. ... ates with library diploma ... ably with additional academic ... qualifications.

Normal Terms: Superannuation ... schemes. Family passages ... transport of effects on appointment ... ment or resignation after ... service. Installation grant ... appointed from outside Africa.

Contract Terms: Persons ... side Rhodesia may, if they ... contract terms providing ... appointment and completion ... ance, 15 per cent addition ... cal aid scheme, life cover, ... for pension or installation ...

Detailed applications ... referees, by 12 May, 1967 ... Council, 33 Bedford Place, London ... whom particulars are obtainable.

RHYL URBAN DISTRICT ...

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIB...

APPLICATIONS are invited ... ment from Librarians with ... tions. Salary for Chartered Librarians ... III.

Detailed applications stating ... and experience together with ... referees to be forwarded to the ... cil, Council Offices, Rhyl, by ... post on 22nd April, 1967. ... is desirable.

F. J. KEITH DAVIES, Clerk ... Council Offices, Rhyl.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY

LIBRARY SERVICE

Applications are invited for ...

ASSISTANT BRANCH LIBRARIAN

in AP. Grade II ... annum plus London Weighting ... cations to be returned by ... on forms obtainable from ... Clerk, Town Hall, Mare Street ...

LIBRARY JUNIOR ASSISTANT ... London research ... facilities for study. ... Secretary, British Non-Ferrous ... Association, Euston Street, N.W.1.

RADNORSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

Applications are invited from ... Librarians for the post of ... Librarian at County Library ... County Hall, Llandrindod ... offers varied and interesting ... appointed being next in seniority ... Librarian. Salary in accordance ... Librarian Scale (£820 to £1,435) ... commencing salary for Chartered ... not less than £1,220 per annum ... cants to be graded within the ... according to qualifications ... Casual car user's allowance ... lodging allowances and part ... in appropriate cases. Applications ... details of education, ... experience, together with the ... addresses of two referees, to be ... the Clerk of the Council by ... Further details may be obtained ... County Librarian.

D. C. S. ... Clerk of the ...

CITY OF PETERBOROUGH

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from ... Librarians for the above post ... accordance with A.P. Grade III ...

Further details may be obtained ... City Librarian, Central Library ... Peterborough, by whom applications ... received, together with names and ... of two referees, not later than ...

C. Peter Clarke, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Peterborough.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

required for Library in the ... of Higher Technology. ... —£1,350 £75—£1,435 ... should be qualified ... experience of a technical library ... application for ... particulars obtainable from ... Borough Polytechnic, Borough ... S.E.1.

ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS IN TECHNICAL INSTITUTIONS

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the part-time post of librarian to the Association of Teachers in Technical Institutions. The post is envisaged as particularly suitable for a married woman.

The Association of Teachers in Technical Institutions (established 1904) is the professional organisation of teachers in all branches of the further education system. It has a membership of 25,000.

The Library. The Association has not previously employed a professional librarian. The present library is an un-catalogued working collection forming part of the information department of the Association. It is intended to establish the library on a formal basis in order to provide a full-scale library and information service to members. The post offers the interesting and seldom encountered professional experience of inaugurating a library service.

Qualifications. Associateship of the Library Association (ALA). Applicants should have an interest in modern methods of special library management. Preference will be given to candidates with previous special library experience, but consideration will be given to those expecting to qualify this summer.

Duties. The person appointed will be responsible to the Information Officer for the day to day administration of the library. Duties will include selection of material, cataloguing and classification, assistance with the preparation of bulletins and information sheets and the carrying out of literature searches. It is envisaged that the library will move into new accommodation within a few months and the librarian will be expected to advise on the plans for the new library.

Hours of Duty. Three days a week, or equivalent. Normal office hours are 9.15-4.45 Monday to Friday.

Salary. According to qualifications and experience. For a qualified person with appropriate experience, commencing salary £700 p.a.

Holidays. Three weeks a year.

Applications, with the names and addresses of two referees, should be addressed to the General Secretary, Association of Teachers in Technical Institutions, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, W.C.1.

THE ORGANISATION FOR ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION AND DEVELOPMENT, PARIS

HEAD LIBRARIAN

to continue the development of a special library in development economics recently established to serve the research and information needs of the O.E.C.D. DEVELOPMENT CENTRE. Responsibilities include the administration of the Library and its staff, reference work and book selection.

Essential qualifications: University and Library degrees; economic background; experience, preferably international, in an economics collection; familiarity with economic development literature; excellent English, very good knowledge of French and, if possible, of a third language.

Candidates acceptable from Member countries only (Western Europe, United States, Canada and Japan).

Minimum tax-free emoluments (O.E.C.D. contribution to Provident Fund included) approximately 49,000 French francs per annum (married, non-resident). Installation grants, children's allowances and other fringe benefits. Generous vacation and home leave arrangements.

Applications with *detailed curriculum vitae* and *specifying "Librarians"* should reach Personnel Division, 2, rue André-Pascal, Paris 16ème, before May 11.

Assistant Librarian

required by I.C.T. Stevenage

A female Assistant Librarian, aged between 23 and 30, is required for our Technical Library and Information Service at Stevenage. Applicants should have passed scientific or technical subjects at G.C.E. 'A' or 'O' Level, and have a knowledge of, or experience in, cataloguing and classification by N.D.C. Some experience in the administration of the day-to-day working of a small library would also be highly desirable.

I·C·T

Applications to: Area Personnel Office, International Computers and Tabulators Limited, I.C.T. House, Broadway, Letchworth, Hertfordshire.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST COMPUTER MANUFACTURER

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY SACKVILLE, NEW BRUNSWICK CANADA

HEAD of Public Services for library of liberal arts university. Position includes supervision of reference, circulation and Serials. Excellent opportunity to obtain administrative experience. New library in preliminary planning stage. Applications are invited from chartered librarians with degree. Salary open, depending on qualifications and experience. 4 weeks' holidays, medical and pension schemes, fine arts and music facilities available.

THREE positions; a Reference Librarian, an Acquisitions Librarian, and an Assistant Cataloguer. One month's vacation, pension and insurance plans. Applications are invited from chartered librarians with degree. Minimum salary $6,000 with allowance for qualifications and experience.

Apply to Chief Librarian, Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick, Canada.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE

1 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

invites applications from graduates/or chartered librarians for post of assistant librarian on scale £950 × £50—£1,200 × £75—£1,350. Applications, with names of two referees, to librarian.

Royal Commonwealth Society Library has an immediate vacancy for a

SENIOR ASSISTANT

Salary according to age and qualifications.

Apply to the Librarian, Royal Commonwealth Society. Telephone: 930-6733.

Cheshire County Council

ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST CHESHIRE RECORD OFFICE

Applications are invited from graduates with archive training or suitable experience in historical records for the post of ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST to take up appointment in July, 1967 (Salary Grade A.P.II/III £1,020-£1,435 at a commencing point in accordance with qualifications and experience).

Forms of application, obtainable from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chester, should be returned by 24th April, 1967.

COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON AND PETERBOROUGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

HUNTINGDON TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Required for September 1967

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

This is a new post likely to appeal to an energetic young man or woman. There will be considerable scope for initiative in developing the service within the College with possibilities of future extension as a community service to commerce, industry and schools.

Salary in accordance with Librarian's Scale, viz. £820-£1,435. Starting point for Chartered Librarian not less than £1,060.

Application forms and further particulars from The Principal, Huntingdon Technical College, California Road, Huntingdon, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days of this advertisement.

Your Children, Your Schools, Your Government.

The whole argument about Comprehensives—for and against—is presented in a pamphlet containing leading articles from *The Times Educational Supplement* and letters to its editor.

Available through booksellers at 2s. 6d. or 3s. postage paid from Special Publications, The Times, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

Britain and Europe: The Future.

Written jointly by THE TIMES and the famous west German newspaper DIE WELT, this strikingly produced book is a reprint of the supplement that appeared in English and German in their issues of 28 October.

It is a detailed analysis of the BRITAIN/EUROPE problem with leading British and German views of the latest developments in the E.E.C., E.F.T.A., the Commonwealth, industry, finance, agriculture and the future development of the U.K. if we join the Common Market.

Available at 10s. 6d. through booksellers and newsagents, or 11s. 5d. postage paid from Special Publications, The Times, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

LIBRARIANS

CITY OF ROCHESTER

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians and those recently qualified for the POST of REFERENCE LIBRARIAN at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P. III (£1,220 to £1,435 per annum).

Housing accommodation will be made available to married officers, if appropriate. Approved removal expenses will be paid after the completion of one year's service.

The appointment, which is subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service and to the passing of a medical examination, will be terminable by one month's notice on either side.

Details of the post and a form of application may be obtained from the City Librarian, Central Library, Northgate, Rochester, to whom applications, with the names of two referees, should be sent by 29th April, 1967.

G. E. CRACKLEN, Town Clerk, Guildhall, Rochester.

30th March, 1967.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of RELIEF LIBRARIAN at County Library Headquarters, Bridgwater.

Salary scale, A.P. II/III (£1,020 to £1,435) plus a fixed lodging and subsistence allowance at the rate of £160 p.a. (tax-free), and travelling allowances. Removal expenses, &c., payable.

Application form and further particulars from the County Librarian, County Library, Mount Street, Bridgwater, Somerset.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:—

BRANCH LIBRARIAN. A.P. 3/4.

MOBILE LIBRARIAN. A.P. 3.

Applicants should have passed the Final Examination of the Library Association. Commencing salaries depending upon experience and qualifications. Housing accommodation can be offered for the post of Branch Librarian, and is under consideration for the post of Mobile Librarian. Normal removal expenses considered.

Further details from the Borough Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Victoria Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, to whom application should be sent by Saturday, 29th April.

ARCHIBALD GLEN, Town Clerk.

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN AND INFORMATION OFFICER TO THE COUNTY ARCHITECT'S DEPARTMENT (NEW APPOINTMENT)

Applications are invited for this post from Chartered Librarians interested in the formation and running of a new information and library centre in the County Architect's Department.

The centre will be integrated with the County Technical Library Service. It is important that an enthusiastic and forward looking approach be brought to the whole problem of meeting information needs in a technical department.

The Librarian will be part of the County Library service but will be based in the new offices of the County Architect. Salary will be on grade A.P.T. III/IV (£1,385 to £1,665). The starting point on this scale being determined to age and experience.

Applications forms and further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, West Sussex County Council Library, County Hall, Chichester, and should be returned by May 1st, 1967.

SUTHERLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE

COUNTY LIBRARY SERVICE

APPLICATIONS are invited from men or women for the POST of

DRIVER/LIBRARIAN

for the Mobile Library Service to commence duty at the end of August, 1967. Applicants must be experienced drivers and should possess educational qualifications appropriate to the work of a librarian.

Salary will be on a scale commencing at £870 per annum and rising by seven annual increments to £975 per annum. The post is superannuable and subsistence allowance will be paid in respect of absence from home.

Forms of application, and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom completed forms must be returned not later than 28th April, 1967.

J. McLELLAN, Director of Education. Education Offices, Brora.

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS:

SENIOR ASSISTANTS Grade A.P. III (£1,220-£1,435)

SENIOR ASSISTANTS, Grade A.P. III (£1,220-£1,220).

SENIOR ASSISTANT Grade A.P. I (£820-£1,020).

GENERAL ASSISTANTS CLERICAL I/II (£315-£1,020).

GENERAL ASSISTANT (Hospital and Handicapped) CLERICAL I/II (£315-£1,020).

In addition to the salaries quoted above, London weighting is payable as follows: up to age 18, £30; age 18-21, £50; age 21 and over, £75.

Five-day, 36½-hour week. Superannuation and Sick Pay scheme.

Some duties on the mobile library will be required from one Senior Assistant A.P. II and the Senior Assistant A.P. I.

Further particulars, and forms of application obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2. Closing date, 25th of April, 1967.

LIBRARIANS

THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA

LIBRARIAN

STATE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment to a position of Librarian in the State Library of Tasmania.

Location: Hobart.

Salary Range: Male $A4,298 to $A4,526 per annum. Female, $A3,862 to $A4,090 per annum.

Commencing salary will be according to qualifications and experience, and will be payable from date of embarkation for Australia.

Duties: Responsible to the State Librarian for the training and instruction of State Library staff and other approved persons in the pursuit of library qualifications. Inservice training of staff towards improved efficiency. Consultation and advice on personnel policy. Maintaining and expanding the library science collection. Organising tours of the library by visiting school and other classes.

Qualifications: Applicants must be Associates of the Library Association of Australia or hold qualifications acceptable to that body for admission as an Associate. Sound experience in similar duties to those listed above would be an advantage.

Passages from the United Kingdom are provided under the Commonwealth Migration—Assisted Passage—Scheme, arranged through the Agent General for Tasmania. In addition, further assistance with passages and freight charges, &c., is available.

Recreation leave, sick leave and long service leave are provided.

Superannuation is compulsory for permanent officers.

Applications in duplicate should be addressed to: The Agent General for Tasmania, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2.

(continued on back page)

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY PERTH

DIRECTOR

Salary $A14,400 per annum

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(Architecture and Engineering)
(Applied Science)
(Commerce and General Studies)

Salaries $A9,600 p.a.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS

MATHEMATICS.
PHYSICS.
ART.
GENERAL STUDIES.
LIBRARIAN.

Salaries $A.7,600 to $A8,200 to $A8,600

Appointment according to qualifications and experience and advancement subject to decision of the Council.

Full details regarding applications, general information on the Institute, conditions of service and duty statements from:

Agent General for Western Australia, Western Australia House, 115 Strand, London, W.C.2, England.

Applications close in London on the 15th May, 1967.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

MANCHESTER, 13

LECTURER OR ASSISTANT LECTURER IN GERMAN

APPLICATIONS invited for this post from graduates qualified to teach a period of German literature after 1500. Salary ranges p.a.: Lecturer, £1,470 to £2,630 (merit bar-line £2,270); Assistant Lecturer, £1,105 to £1,340. F.S.S.U.

Particulars and application forms (returnable by May 5th) obtainable from the Registrar. Quote Ref.: 52/67/TL.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

(University of London)

DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LECTURER/ASSISTANT LECTURER in FRENCH with special interest in the literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Salary scale: Lecturer £1,470 by £90 to £2,010 by £85 to £2,180 by £90 to £2,270 (bar): £2,360 by £90 to £2,630, plus £60 London Allowance; Assistant Lecturer £1,105 by £75 to £1,180 by £80 to £1,340, plus £60 London Allowance; F.S.S.U. participation. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms, obtainable from the Registrar, Queen Mary College, Mile End Road, London, E.1, to be returned by 24 April, 1967.

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS

YOUNG graduate with editorial experience required by internationally known academic printing house as sub-editor and general assistant to the manager responsible for relations with publishers and other clients. Starting salary depending on age and experience will be in the range of £900 to £1,200.—Write Box H.1258, The Times, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man seeks opening in fine art or antiquarian book trade. Willing to work hard for modest initial salary in return for opportunity to acquire knowledge of bibliography and/or art history.—Write Box H.1273, The Times, E.C.4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ZAMENHOF—his life and work. A lecture by Marjorie Boulton (author of Zamenhof, Creator of Esperanto; The Anatomy of Drama; Kontralto, &c.). Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College, Gower Street, W.C.1; Friday, April 14, at 7.30 p.m.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE OF NORTHERN IRELAND RESEARCH ASSISTANTS

Applications are invited from History graduates for two unestablished appointments for cataloguing duties. Candidates should preferably have research or archival experience but final year students will be eligible for consideration.

In one of the posts the main task will be to calendar the papers of John Foster (1740-1828), Chancellor of the Exchequer and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. This work is expected to take between two and three years and applications may be considered from women able to work part-time. The other post offers prospects of promotion and establishment.

Commencing salary will be related to age and experience within the scale £685-£1,243. A higher scale rising to £1,874 may be offered to a candidate with exceptional qualifications and/or experience. In the case of a part-time appointment an hourly rate will be paid. Application forms obtainable from the Director of Establishments, Ministry of Finance, Stormont, Belfast, 4, must be returned by 28th April, 1967. Please quote SB.33/67/79

BOOKS AND PRINTS

ANTIQUE MAPS. Illustrated Catalogue 2s. 6d.—Nicholson (TS), Shotton, Chester.

GERMAN BOOKS bought and sold.—LIBRIS, 38a Boundary Road, N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

AMERICAN BOOKS, NEW, OLD, OUT OF PRINT.—For any book you want just write to ORSAY BOOKS, 86-32 L. Eliot Avenue, Rego Park, New York City, N.Y. 11374.

CAT. 23 NOW READY. Mod 1st Edns. Presentation Copies, Ltd Edns, &c. Large selection of Churchilliana, Socialism, Economics, &c. Also collection of signed and presentation copies of books by and on Theodore Roosevelt and associated material, including a book from Roosevelt to Sir Rider Haggard, &c. Similar lists issued monthly. L. Whiteson, 66 Belmont Ave., Cockfosters, Herts.

LEARNED and scientific periodicals in all languages wanted.—H. PORDES, 529b Finchley Road, London, N.W.3. HAM. 9878.

LIST No. 2 now ready: First Editions Poetry, Drama, Literature, Modern Fiction, &c.—J. N. Lloyd, 99 Highbury New Park, London, N.5.

MEET Books and People at the American Bookstore in Luxembourg.

USED BOOKS, Cheap Britannicas. List sent.—Silverdale, 1142 Argyle Street, Glasgow.

MASTERPIECE Library of Short Stories, Hamerton 1923. Complete or part set wanted urgently.—Phone: Miss Eve 874 0141.

WANTED.—J. Experimental Botany parts 1-12 and part 28.—Percival, Green Meadow, St. Nicholas, Cardiff.

GALLERIES AND EXHIBITIONS

AGNEW GALLERY, 43 Old Bond Street, W.1. Old Masters—Recent Acquisitions. 9.30-5.30, Saturdays 9.30-12.30.

BRITISH MUSEUM admission free; open weekdays 10-5 and Sundays 2.30-6. Current exhibitions include "Renaissance French Illuminated Manuscripts", "Chinese Painting—The Last Three Hundred Years", and "Poetry in The Making".

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE. Paintings by Leonard French (Australia). Until 30th April. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sundays 2.30-6.

FORSEAUX GALLERIES, 21 Church Road, Wimbledon, London (946-3114). Special April Exhibition Water Colours: Cosmo Clark, Pitchforth, Rushbury, Bisley, Edward Bishop, Donald Blake. 10-5.30 (including Saturdays).

SOUTH LONDON ART GALLERY

Peckham Road, S.E.5

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers

1st April to 22nd April

Weekdays 10-6 Sundays 3-6. Free

The Southwark Collection of Original Prints may be seen on Mondays-Fridays between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., Saturdays by appointment.

LEFEVRE GALLERY, 30 Bruton Street, W.1.—Recent Works by Edward Burra. Daily 10-5. Saturdays 10-1.

PERMANENT EXHIBITION of lithographs by Armitage, Arp, Butler, Chadwick, Kokoschka, Kneale, Lin, Moore, Nolan, Piper, Richards, Sutherland, Tilson; daily 10 to 5; Saturdays 10 to 12.—Marlborough New London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1.

EDUCATIONAL

W. B. YEATS

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